

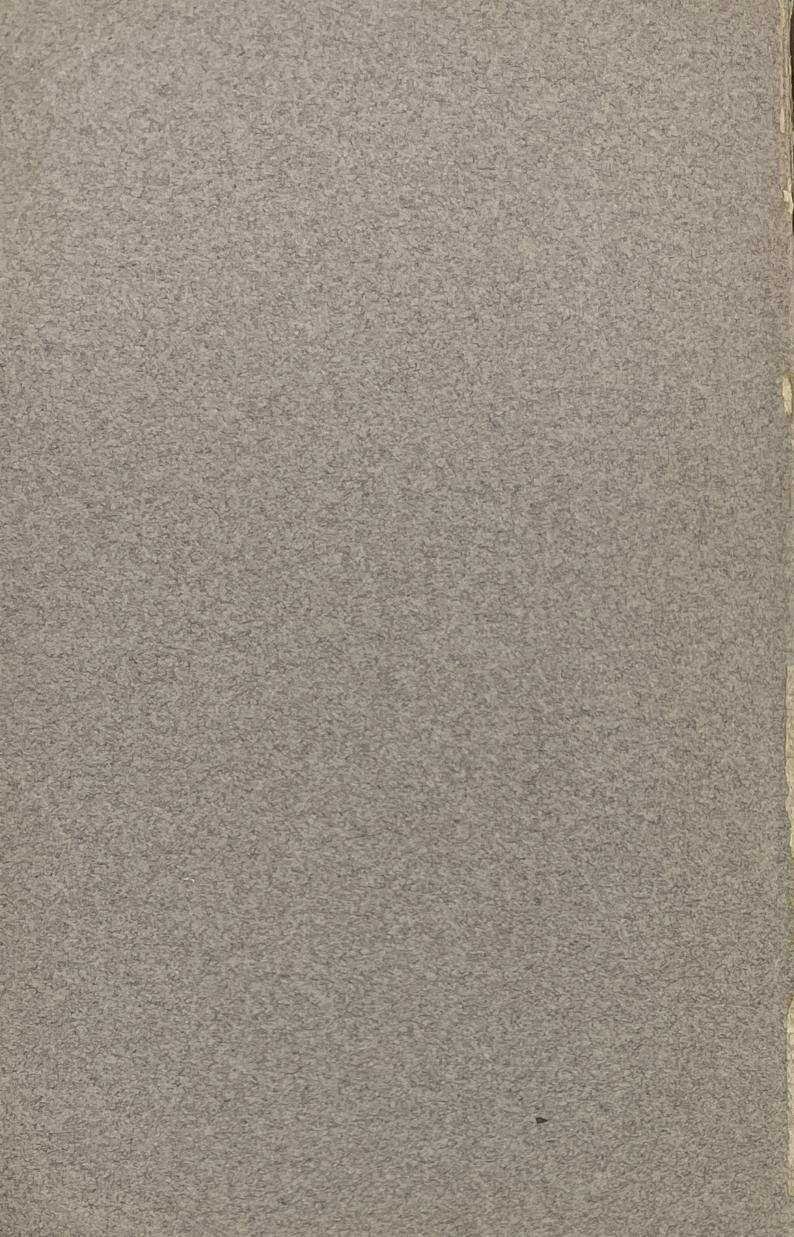
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HAND AND MIND.

Vol. II. WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 3, 1904. No. 2.



[Note: The editor has found this very interesting and genuine letter and publishes it in order that the owner may claim it.]

DEAR SISTER:-

Old Central is down and Tech is on top in all things. The drill, baseball and football championship are Tech's, and Central's pompous pride is a thing of the past. As Uncle Lou Mattern stated it, "The first they are last and the last they are first," for at the beginning of 1903 Central was first in all things and we were nowhere. At the end of 1903 Tech is on hand with the goods and Central has gone way back to sit down in the gloom and think of the days which have flown forever; of the days when the Blue and White were not the colors of a female seminary.

The team and subs dressed at school and went over to Georgetown Field in a big closed "Buss;" and we were a considerably scared-up crowd, too, on the way over, but didn't look it when we went on the field to warm up before the game. Tech won the toss and took the south goal, receiving the ball, we "subs" fervently hoping that something might happen to let us into the game, but not a Tech substitute was used. In the first half of the game (35 minutes) neither side scored, although Tech carried the ball to Central's 8-yard line and fumbled, and Central made a place kick from our 23-yard line. Central players were hurt at almost every rush, but our boys were as tough as anvils.

At the kick-off in the second half Backus bounced the ball off their "Center" and Robinson got it. DuGanne, for Tech, made 15 yards and Hunt 10 more, when Central stole the ball, but our kick was disregarded. Central advanced 10 yards and then tried two kicks which netted them a loss of 43 yards, they then punted and Tech scored on line bucks and tackle back plays, Ballinger missed goal. It took ten minutes to score the second time and the game was called at the Central coach's request as he said his boys were "being killed."

At the end of the game the Central rooters folded their colors, spiked their megaphones and tearfully sneaked away, only a few of the faithful staying to carry off their unconscious, or to comfort and assist their weeping, swearing, lamenting players to what was secured for a chariot of victory but turned out to be a hearse. Not so with the Techs, the whole school swarmed on the field and toted the eleven to the buss, howling school yells and repeating, as though amazed, "It will not is, it cannot was."

At school, after changing our duds, we had a big "feed." speeches, and a very abbreviated dance, and all adjourned for a "tour" of jubilation.

The other schools are nearly as pleased as we are to have Central out of it at last. Thank you ever so much for that Fob, it is very pretty. I got through the first quarter at school with but one Fair. I hope this stuff hasn't tired you.

Love and kisses.

JOHN.

FOOTBALL.

The result of the football series is too well known to need much treatment here. It is sufficient to say that "Tech" has decisively and unquestionably proven her title to the championship by an unbroken list of victories. The Technical team won because it had the best players, the finest equipment, the most loyal support and the most competent coaching of any team in the high schools. This year our team was composed mostly of new men and great credit is due to our coach, Mr. Hecox, that he was able to make a championship team out of men who had had no experience in the game and had never played together before.

Next year, however, all of our football players with one or two exceptions are expected to return, and when we come to defend our title of the championship we should make good our claim.

The line-up of our team in the game with Central was as follows:

Geib (Captain)
Hunt
Piggott
Elson
Robinson
Backus
Gedney
Haring
DuGanne
Smith
Ballinger

Left End
Left Tackle
Left Guard
Center
Right Guard
Right Tackle
Right End
Quarterback
Left Quarterback
Right Quarterback
Fullback

TRACK ATHLETICS.

On the 26th day of February there will be held in our training quarters at Ninth and Rhode Island Avenue an inter-class meet in which the different years will compete against each other. Such a meet is found conducive to school enthusiasm and is hailed with delight by the boys and girls of the school.

Each year will have its champions and it will be a battle royal. Any athlete winning a point in this meet will have the right to wear his class numerals. There will also be a banner given to the year winning the meet. Each year the class winning the meet will add a streamer to the trophy and it will repose in section class room until defeat carries it elsewhere. The year winning three times in succession will own the banner. The boys of each year should get together and elect a captain and manager for their track team and get in their entries. The heartiest support of both boys and girls is necessary to make it a success. Boys, do not neglect the opportunity to add laurels for your school, your class and yourself. Those students who do not give their personal support will find their pocket book quite welcome. Your class needs your aid. Aid it.

On February 20th the Georgetown University will hold its annual indoor games at which there will be three events for high school boys. Many of the boys from "Tech" and the other high schools will enter. About forty to fifty high school boys are now in training for this meet. Central has the most, Western second and "Tech" third. Boys, come out and train for this meet; it will put you in the best possible condition for our meet six days later.

On December 5th, last, the Fifth Regiment of Maryland held a meet in their new armory. In the 100-yard dash

(open handicap) Cook of Central was first, Dear of U. of P, second and Walker of Technical, third. There will be much rivalry between Walker and Cook in the Georgetown meet, as both are in hard training for the 50-yard dash.

GIRL'S BASKET BALL.

Since the holidays the girls have again gotten down to hard practice. With the Western game on the 8th, the game with Central about the 19th and possibly a game with Eastern the first of March, ahead of them, the girls are beginning to feel their responsibility of upholding the fame of the school in athletics. A good spirit of sport for sport's sake seems to prevail. The girls are anxious to succeed and are putting aside their own interests for the good of the team. Many sacrifices are made for its sake but more should be made. Bear in mind the fact that this year marks only the beginning of basket ball in this school; every girl should feel in duty bound to come out to practice regularly in order that we may have stronger material to pick from each year. Those who do not make the team this year should not feel discouraged, but should continue to practice; their chance next year will be better for it. If basket ball is to be a success in the school we must have the hearty support of the school, especially the girls. The line-up of the team in the Western game will be as follows:

Miss Spier goal thrower

Miss Gloetzner assistant goal thrower

Miss Lee right side center

Miss Heine (captain) center

Miss Hastings left side center

Miss Weirch goal guard Miss Davis goal guard

Substitutes, Miss Harlan, Miss Houchens, Miss Cutlett.

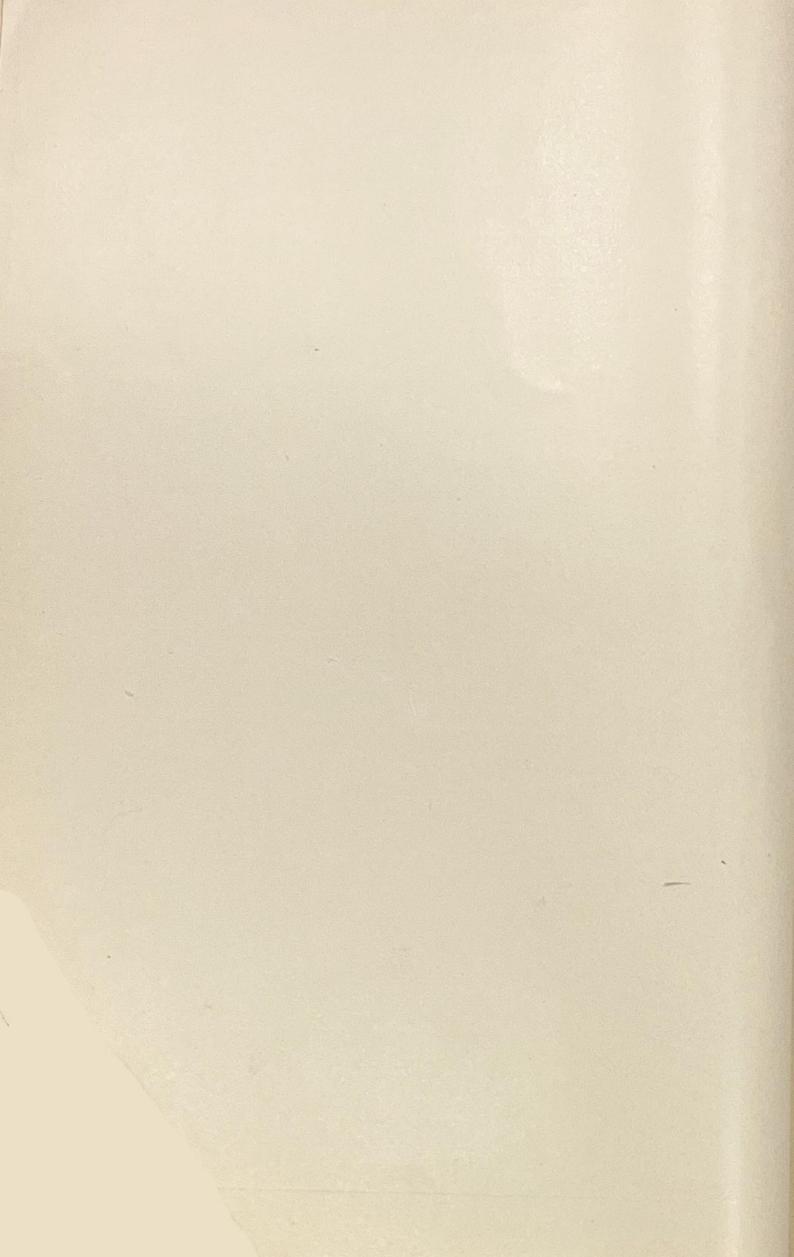
THE WEARING OF THE SCHOOL EMBLEM.

The committee, appointed by Mr. Chamberlain, and composed of Messrs. Mattern, Minnich and Woodward, to determine what should count in the privilege of wearing the school emblem and what boys were entitled to wear it. have selected the following boys as having attained that honor: J. W. Harring, J. E. Ballinger, J. W. Beall, A. W. Skinner, C. W. Geib, D. Moore, W. A. Backus, R. Gedney, A. A. Gloetzner, F. Warren, A. C. DuGanne, G. F. Smith, D. Elsonn, C. B. Piggott, W. G. Robinson, J. Hunt, and G. H. Huddleson. There are no written conditions stating the requirements demanded before one is entitled to wear the emblem. But there are two conditions which determine the consideration of the committee. These are first: marked service at an inter-high school contest and second the maintainance of the honor of the school as a student. Thus the mere rendering of athletic service is not enough but must be accompanied by a good standing in studies and conduct. The committee also reserves the right to revoke the privilege if at the end of the year the boy has failed to live up to the second condition. No emblems are to be made unless from the school pattern. [Note-A cut of this emblem is printed on the cover sheet.]

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. GRANT.

"Tech has lately sustained a loss in the faculty which will be felt throughout the school and especially in athletic circles. Mr. Grant, late instructor in our art department, has accepted a similar position in the "Polytechnic Institute" of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has gone to take up his duties. While we all join in extending our heartiest





congratulations to Mr. Grant on having made another step toward success, we realize with regret that the principal means on which we relied for another season's champion-ship in baseball has been lost. True, we still have the effects of his coaching to carry us through, and luckily we are not left entirely at sea, for with such a coach as Johnny Beall, who has lately been raised to the dignity of a teacher, and in whom the influences of Mr. Grant's teachings is plain, we hope for the best. We have yet to see whether or not Johnny possesses the peculiar power of making people play ball. Aside from the set-back in athletics and loss in the art department, we are sure that the whole school will feel deeply the loss of Mr. Grant's influences as a man.

Question:-

Why do they give us those essays O'er which men pondered of old? We study, we grind, and we bone them, But the meaning we cannot hold!

Answer:---

They give you Bacon and Lamb To make the little boys grow; Addison, Carlyle and Mac To learn what your papas know.



DON'T BE A CRIMINAL: STUDY LATIN



Once upon the Capitol The geese began to quack To save the quaking Latin From a beastly Gallic pack.

Now upon the Capital The geese begin to cackle To shield a paltry Latin course Against progressive tackle.

We have at hand a rather lengthy and humorous article written by a teacher in one of the academic schools and published in the school paper, containing much information upon the advantages of the academic course and the useless, valueless, faulty and inadequate course given to the pupils attending manual training schools. We learn from it that a technical course, our course, is a waste of time: that our science is a farce; that our pupils are not as well prepared to enter engineering colleges as academic students who have not had to waste time in mechanical drafting, machine work and such nonesense. This work we learn has to be repeated in college.

This information is gladly received. We have all read and pondered upon the article. It is timely. When we consider its source and compare it with the reports of our graduates who are in Lehigh, Cornell, Worchester, Boston, Stanford, Columbian, Armours, and elsewhere, we are inclined to believe that there has been some lack of information.

Parents are informed with dramatic eloquence that the intellects of their children will be "cabined, cribbed, confined," and restricted in their flights to higher educational planes, easily obtained on Capitol Hill, if they commit the crime of sending them to manual training schools. late, the girls feel a desire for an education above that of cooking." Too late, they feel that ennobling desire to grind through half the night and then have to bluff their way through the Latin or Greek recitation next day. Alas the pathos of it! Parents! Mothers! Fathers! Awake, ere it is too late; ere you find your little ones hopelessly ensuared in the futile studies made compulsory at that most heinous school! They will be compelled to take forging shop work, drawing, and chemistry, all of which they will take in their freshman year at college. High praise! Every one does not go to college! And if they do, is it not strange that contrary to the lady's statement, many of our boys have been allowed to go on with sophomore studies.

According to our informant all the leading educators of the day are advising an academic course in the secondary schools, but read Pritchett carefully and read also Walker, a former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Jordan, Woodward, Leonard and the Presidents of Howard, Yale, Lehigh and other colleges. The swing of the educational pendulum is toward technical work.

In our own school we are accused of parading shop-work as English. But is not good literature always a shop-work record?

Old Cæsar wrote his comments, On just what he had done, And Actor Shakespere wrote a play, Because he'd acted one. Ben Franklin from a printer Became a classic scribe. Be careful what you're doing, You may only learn to jibe.

We understand that the penal laws should provide against the gross ignorance of the parents who send their children to technical, instead of academic schools. Dont be criminal, study Latin! Under other circumstances this might be considered humerous, but it was given forth in all seriousness to the press for the benefit of their subscribers and advertisers.

Academic training is to be desired above all things! (?) It makes the mind more receptive and retentive, more agile in comprehending other studies! There are the old academic war-cries. We are willing they should be sounded. But it must be remembered that the battle is over, modern methods have won. Latin had, and has its value. But somehow even the most conservative colleges are opening their doors to practical men equal to modern emergencies.

Seriously however, we are inclined to believe that some remarks made by the author might apply to technical schools as well as academic schools. We realize that many important subjects are neglected while others receive attention which they do not deserve. This is deplorable in any case, but especially so in our own city. Our academic and technical courses differ in that we have no Latin. If we want it we will ask for it. No doubt we would get it. Otherwise we have all that makes the academic schools and in addition all that makes us technical. We join with the writer in crying for improved school facilities. We also ask for a better equipment, for fair minded, enlightened

teachers, and carefully considered courses; such courses as will suit the individual needs of the students. Life—let it be—not a living! We have actually lost some fellows whom our faculty thought would be better served by Latin training. Since pupils are what the academic schools most need, they ought to regard our freedom from prejudice with favor.

CHARLES LOUIS LADSON.

With the Gallery Gods?

Jimson—I'll bet I go to the theatre as often as any man in town, on an average.

Stinson-Yes; and probably above the average.

Where have they gone, the good little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?—Ex.

How long does it take the High School girls to size up a teacher when they find out he is married?

My subjets this month is ants. There is two kinds of ants, namely, incekes and lady unkels. They live in little hills of sand, and with their married sisters. 2 stay with us. They crawl in the sugarbole. That is all I know about ants—Johnny Greene.—Ex.



REGIMENTAL



This year the cadets have a privilege and honor that they have not had in previous years. They have been invited to Alexandria, Va., on Washington's birthday, together with the regulars, cavalry and light artillery, from Fort Meyer. The regiment will be furnished with a special band of music, and a special boat to take it to and from Alexandria. The cadets will parade, and pass in review before the governor of Virginia, after which arms will be stacked and they will enjoy the entertainment that shall have been prepared for the occasion. The cadets are looking forward with much pride and pleasure to the 22nd of February.

This is the dullest and least interesting part of the year for the cadets, on account of the great number of drills indoors (so tiresome and monotonous) and because the novelty, which is manifested in the drill at the beginning of the year, has now worn away. Now is the time of the year when some of the companies get considerably in advance of others, by the officers putting forth extra strenuous efforts. and thereby keping up the interest and earnestness in the drill. We might make it more definite and say now is the time when it is decided which company shall win the drill, for the company that makes the best of these indoor drills and gets detail and precision has gone a long way towards winning the drills. For it is detail and precision that wins a drill. Of course when the eventful day draws near all the companies will exert themselves to the utmost. Those that have been lax and slothful during these winter months

will find that they are so handicapped by the companies that have worked hard the whole year, that the chances for success are hopeless. It might be wise here to give a word of warning. Some of the companies are already falling behind in the race and Tech companies are among them. Boys, it is absolutely necessary to value and economize every moment of each drill day, if you expect to come anywhere near winning the prize. Officers exert, yourselves, do your best, resolve that the trophy shall be yours, keep up the interest, and see that you have the earnest support and co-operation of every man in the company and success will follow for such a company.

Since our last issue each cadet has been fitted out with his uniform. This year the uniforms were much later in arriving than usual, owing to the fact that the firm ran out of the stock of cloth used for the purpose and was much delayed in obtaining more. But when the long wished for suits did finally arrive you may imagine how proud the cadets were, especially those who had never had the privilege of wearing uniforms before and those who have obtained the honor of wearing epaulets. In fact the freshman feel that this is one of the proudest times in their whole lives, and they feel that they look like real soldiers; but their sensations of pride are not a circumstance compared with those of the commissioned officers; they believe that no graduate of West Point ever rivaled them in splendor of appearance. It is astonishing to see how the shoulder-straps have affected some of our modest officers. During the Christmas holidays more than one of our illustrious number could be seen parading F Street, or strutting up Connecticut Avenue, insensible of the severe cold, (for they wore no overcoats) and fancing that all eyes were turned on them in admiration and wonder of a majestic military

figure and marks of high honor. Right here we must not fail to mention a little instance which occured in Pennsylvania Station several weeks ago. One of our officers, who was not ignorant of his high position, and who doubtless felt the weight of his shoulder-straps, was standing in the station when a stranger, who was evidently impressed with his military bearing and pre-eminent personality, came up to him and inquired if he was from Annapolis or West Point. The modest young officer promptly replied, "West Point." We believe that the officer tried to be as congenial and as near the truth as possible; he knew that the stranger expected him to say one of two things, Annapolis or West Point, so he thought it would probably be more agreeable and nearer the truth to say West Point.



Can This Be Sew?

"I have had an awful stitch in my side ever since I went out to the football game last week."

"Were you in the roughhouse on the side lines?"

'Yes."

"Well; you were probably hemmed in by the crowd."—Ex.

HAND AND

Vol. II. Washington, D. C., February 3, 1904.

No. 2.

Hand and Mind is a Quarterly Magazine published for and by the pupils of the McKinley Manual Training School and its alumni.

Literary contributions are solicited from all, both nupils and alumni. All matter should be written in ink, on one side of paper only and addressed to the Editor.

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EDITORIALS

School rivalry is to be expected and indeed is needed to make the various athletic contests and the competitive drill interesting. Such school rivalry is of a friendly nature and seldom is there any ill-will shown. But school antagonism, caused by attacks from one school upon another, is to be deplored.

Two such attacks have recently been made upon this school. One being upon only one branch of our athletics has been One being upon only of much importance, has been al. lowed to drop and so I drop it here. But the other cannot so easily be allowed to drop, being an attack upon manual training in every department, upon its principles, upon its courses of study and its value, and so we have considered it important enough, through its wrong statements, to be answered in a separate article in another part of this issue. As the school paper in which article appeared is mostly As the school paper and as we are the only manual training school in the city and as the school from which the article came is the one in most need of these pupils who are advised to go to an academic school, It seems to us to be a direct attack upon this school and a direct defense and also a direct appeal in behalf of that particular school. That such an attack was prompted by the principal of that school and written by a member of its faculty, only puts the matter in a worse light, for what may be expected of the pupils if the facuity attempt to blacken one school in order to praise their own. The article seemed to have been written with an utter lack of knowledge concerning the methods practiced in a manual training school and was therefore not an educational essay, but purely an attempt to prevent parents sending their children to a technical school and to urge them to send them to one of academic training. Such attacks as these are bound to bring on a feeling of antagonism not only between the pupils but also between members of the faculty of the schools. So it would seem that such attacks should be suppressed rather than promoted by the faculty, as it is in direct opposition to the policy of the school officials, who are constantly doing all in their power to effect a combination of school interests tending to form a perfect sense of unity among the high schools of the city.

Last year after the football team had suffered defeat in the final game of the football championship series, the editor of this paper considered it his duty to write an editorlal on "defeat" in which he spoke of its value as an incentive to harder work. The same thing may be said of success of which we have had so bountiful a share since that time. In winning the base ball championship, the competitive drill last season and the football championship lately, we have made a name for ourselves. Along these lines we will be considered the best in the high schools until the titles we hold are taken away from us by some other school able to prove its superiority. But boys it is for you to see that our honors are kept here and not taken away. It cannot be done by loafing and expecting that success will come our way merely because we hold evidences of such skill. stead it demands constant, hard work. Keep this in mind and come out, train for the indoor, intersection meet and get the training and experience that will be beneficial later when the time for base ball and track athletes in spring comes around. Our editor on Regimentals has fully told you your faults in the drill, wake up and mend them.

Among other improvements in the school life of "Tech" that of discipline is perhaps more noticeable than any. When our new school was first opened, over a year ago, in the rush for admission, the faculty were so busy, looking after applicants, making out programmes, and getting everything in running order, that they had little time to keep an eye on pupils, who were inclined to take advantage of these adverse conditions and so discipline suffered. But this was only of short duration and when everything had been arranged the change could be easily noticed. Mr. Skinner's "after two" squad had the desired effect of keep-

ing order in the lines and of putting a stop to so large a number of boys coming in late for line at noon, and boys loafing around the building during hours were no longer seen. From that time there has been a steady improvement but our latest step along this line has been the carrying out of Mr. Gardiner's idea of sending the lines up without the supervision of any teacher. This, so far, has been a great success. Mr. Gardiner says that there is less confusion in forming and that there is not so much time taken as before. This is a big boom for the discipline of "Tech" and Mr. Gardiner and the boys are to be congratulated upon the success of the plan.





SCIENCE



RADIUM.

Radium, the newly found metal, the peculiar properties of which have both puzzled and startled the scientific world, was discovered by Professor and Mune Curie of Paris.

Several years previous, about seven years ago, Professor Hemi Becquerel, also a Frenchman, found through a series of experiments that a metal called uramium emitted radiations of light which had the power of affecting photographic plates and penetrating solid and opaque bodies.

This led to the experiments of Prof. Curie and his wife along the same lines. While working on pitch blende, a substance found mostly in the mines of Bohemia, they discovered that this substance had a greater ray emitting power than anything they had ever known. At once they went eagerly to work to obtain that part of the pitch blende, which imparted to it, this power, eliminating the several components in turn, until they had left a wonderful new element, as pure as it was possible for them to get it, which they gave to the world as radium.

The property, which so distinguished this metal, is the continual throwing off at a speed of 120,000 miles a second, powerful rays of visable light and heat which go through solid and opaque objects as easily as sunshine through glass.

The energy given off in this way is hard to imagine; for example, a small fraction of an ounce of radium would be enough to light the average building as well as an electric light installation; which it is estimated that an ounce would run a fifty horse power machine around the world at the run a my noise rate of thirty miles an hour, if it could be so utilized. The smallest scrap must be handled with care for it is able to blister the skin through a brass case. To carry it about a thick lead box must be used. In large amounts it would be exceedingly dangerous, and should a man approach near enough to as much as a pound of it, he would be immediately blinded and in all probability killed.

This quantity does not exist, however, in the world today, owing to the great amount of pitch blende necessary to obtain a pound and the difficult and uncertain process of extracting it. For one pound of radium is needed five thousand tons of pitch blende. This accounts for its enormous cost of \$5,000.000 a pound, which makes it by far the

most expensive article on earth.

Upon further inquiring into the subject we find properties attributed to radium by eminent scientist which will not only revolutionize the scientific world, but the practical world as well. Radium, in its compound of pitch blende, has been giving out these emanattons ever since the universe began and will continue to do so until it ends. Those who are authorities, say that a piece of radium salt does not diminish, appreciably, in size or activity, but continues to emit rays uniformly forever; a statement which contradicts that law of physics which says that there is just so much energy in the world which may be altered from one form to another, but which may neither be created nor destroyed. Sir William Ramsay, an English scientist, claimed but a short time ago that by means of the spectroscope, he had found that the emanations given off by the metal radium changed after awhile to helium, a separate and distinct metal.

What does all this mean? Are the theories of the per-What does and ancient alchemists after all true?

petual motion cranks and ancient alchemists after all true? petual motion be changed to helium why can we not change If radium is a source of If radium can be not change as source of everlasting energy lead to gold? If radium is a source of everlasting energy lead to gold.

When these asserwhy is not perpendicularly the may look forward to a new era in the world's history.





FACULTY NOTES



The vacancy caused by Miss Draney's resignation leaves Miss Solomons as head of the department; Miss Dalton, who formerly taught in the graded schools has been appointed assistant.

Mr. Forrest Grant head of the drawing department has gone to the preparatory school of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute to teach drawing. It is with deep regret that his resignation is accepted. He carries with him the best wishes of his "Tech" friends.

By this vacancy Mr. Many is promoted to be head of the department. Mr. Michie of Pratt Institute, N. Y., has received the appointment as assistant teacher. The drawing room in the future will have "many" color schemes.

Miss Sanders we hear aside from being a good coach for the girls basket-ball team proved herself a proficient chaperone to the athletic girls and boys during the holidays. For further particulars consult either Miss L. or Mr. H.

Whether it is the music or the musician we are yet undecided. Yet we see every day at recess that some attraction at the piano is great enough to hold Mr. Dunning spell-bound for ten or twenty minutes.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak.
Yet we would like to suggest that yet
"Sweetest melodies
Are those by distance made more sweet."

Strange to say Mr. Daniel's watch never agrees with

school time. Is it subject to chemical changes? Much credit should be given Mr. Hecox for the success Much creating this year. We hope that the same

of our root will be displayed by other members of the faculty. Mr. Gerry and Mr. Many are taking lessons in forging.

Mr. Dunning's continual visits to the sewing room, From Mi. The sewing room, we presume he is taking a course in either sewing or

Has the family physician changed Mr. Gerry's diet? millinery. Last year it was "Force" and "Malta Vita" now it is potato Last year salad prepared by two studious members of the senior class. May we ask if potato salad comes under the E. G. F. or

Mr. Birch is to be summoned before the Bachelor's Pro-D. list.

tective and Relief Club for infringement of the rules.

Mr. Adams has spent his spare moments in the forge shop making a pair of skates according to his own ideas. They are two and one half feet long with six inch wheels. he make them from his own measurements or simply allow for shrinking,

ANOTHER M. T. S. ROMANCE.

As I was returning to a deserted classroom in search of a book, I heard a rustling among the leaves of a book. On drawing nearer I was astonished to see two algebraical figures in conversation. As I stood spellbound it seemed that one of the two figures took the form of the selfsame variable that had wearied me in the recitation that afternoon. But who could the other be? Why, on my life, it was the constant that had been so mixed up in the recitations of the variable. It seemed to my eyes that it assumed the form of

a girl and that I had disturbed the two in the midst of an a girl and that I had wavering tones. Miss Constant seemed as unattainable in him as the North Pole to the adventuresome explorer, and waived him off with these words:" "I am awfully sorry, Mr. Variable, but you are really not in my class at all for wou can never quite approach to me, you know." Mr. Variable pleaded his cause and pursued Miss Constant, until she became impatient and gave him a decided negative, saying, "Under the radical with you, impertinent sir." The poor variable seemed suddenly stricken and withered away with a clap of thunder just as the janitor put his hand on my shoulder saying, "Isn't it about time you were waking up, we are closing up now." I got up with a start and picking up the book I sneaked out of the building chagrined to think he had found me.





SOCIAL NOTES



On the evening of December 23rd, our school was the scene of a gay gathering. The event was the reception of the football team given by our austere advisor, Mr. Mattern, our solid coach, Mr. Hecox, and our manager, Mr. Taylor. Dancing and cards furnished amusement for the early evening, while a supper and Christmas tree furnished fun for the rest of the evening. Judging from he fact that Mr. Moss received several watches and then was not able to connect with the last car for his distant home, it may be concluded that the evening was a most enjoyable one.

Since the last issue of this paper the Omicron Phi have been entertained with great enjoyment by the members at the homes of Misses Perrie and Herron.

At a meeting held on the evening of the eighteenth of December at the home of Miss Hall, a senior class was organized. A business meeting was held. Col. Huddleson was elected president, Miss Lee, secretary, and Major Hall, treasurer. Everything seems to point to a successful year, judging from the pleasantness of the meeting. Miss Mc-Lean entertained the club on January 22nd, when we hear the customs of the leap year were followed.

On the evening of December 31st a number of Technical students gathered at the home of Miss Browne, of A2, to watch the new year in. The evening was pleasantly spent in games and in the rendering of both vocal and instrumental music. The guests departed at a late hour, after voting the hostess a most delightful evening.

Many of our students were present at the delightful wedding of Miss Draney, a member of our faculty, and Mr. Davis, on the evening of December thirtieth. We wish Miss Draney every success in her new life.

Members of the Fi Literary Society met for the second time at Miss Warn's home on December the eleventh. Resolutions for a series of debates and other forms of amusement were introduced and discussed.

A jolly crowd of "Tech" athletes watched the old year out at the home of Miss Heine. After progressive euchre, in which Mr. Geib and "Miss" DuGanne captured the first prizes, and Mr. Harris the booby prize, supper was served. Dancing and various other forms of amusements were indulged in until on the stroke of twelve the party gathered upon the front porch and the new year was ushered in with a razoo in good style.

The Chi Psi girls have held their meetings regularly at the homes of the different members. The girls enjoyed a theatre party during the holidays.

The football team was entertained at the home of Mr. Pimper during the holidays. In the flinch contest Mr. Mc-Carthy and Mr. Haring won the prizes.

On the evening of January sixteenth a bunch of youngsters gathered beneath the hospitable roof of Miss Martin. It was the first meeting of the "Tech Euchre Club" and success crowned its debut. Much pleasure was extracted from the cards, also much foolishness from the players. Especially was this last most evident at the festive board where the wit (?) of some of the members was only exceeded by their appetites. The prizes were won by Miss Nellie Rocca and Mr. Sagrario. The next meeting of the club Rocca and Mr. Cognition and the home of Miss Raun.

Since the last issue of this paper, the Sophomore Club has held five meetings at the home of its different members. has held live members' homes, where dancing facilities At some of the dancing facilities were to be had, beginners in the art of dancing received. were to be had,
There is talk of giving either a dance their mist resource. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Phoebe Gilliam.





A GHOSTLY SPINNET



It was very unusual but it was this way. My parents and sister had gone to the theatre leaving me at home with brother Ned; but about half past eight he too, a young physician, was called out unexpectedly, so I was alone. I studied my lessons in the library, but finished about ten o'clock, and as I wanted to stay up until the folks came home, took a book from the shelf to keep me awake. After reading a few minutes I realized that, I had a book of weired stories, but they so interested me that I continued although I began to feel a little nervous at being the only one in the house. As I read on and on about the ghost of Waverly Manor I began to shiver. When one shivers all alone it is uncomfortable, but nevertheless I was udable to put up the book, as it was becoming more and more fascinating. I nearly jumped from my chair once when the log in the fireplace crackled suddenly. Laughing at my timidness after a hasty glance around the room I continued to follow the ghost, of the book, in his nightly visits. It was almost mid-night when I finished the story and I sat wondering if it would be worth the trouble to go into the pantry for something to eat, when suddenly I heard from the next room-yes-certainly-a few notes on the piano-I listened. Then it came again, as if fingers were run lightly over the keys. My heart stopped beating. wanted to run some where but was too frightened to move. "Oh! surely it was imagination" thought I, "its ridiculous to get wrought up over a story, I won't be so silly."-"Good gracious!" there it is again, up and down the treble.

_oh_ugh!_as the bass notes were struck sharply several oh-ugh. as the most dismal groan. There's no imagi-times, in this!" I sat motionless. times, making the last motionless. The clock ticked nation in this!" I sat motionless. The clock ticked nation in this. The clock ticked solemnly. It dragged by a whole minute. Then I summoned up courage to creep towards the door and ask sternmoned up courage. No response. There was a long sily, "who's there." No response. There was a long sily, Tatrained my page and carely a ly, I strained my ears and could hear nothing. I began to hope again that I had not heard anything. I moved gan to hope against anything. I moved a step from the strained position I found myself in, then I a step from It was the clock striking. One—two—three _four__ five__six__seven_eight__nine__ten_eleven_ twelve. As I glanced up at the clock, the painting of my great grand-mother above the mantel caught my eye. The smiling face seemed to mock me. I wished her eyes would not look at me so. She certainly was pretty if the picture looked at all like her. She had been the belle of Virginia Colony over a hundred years ago. They say she was a beautiful dancer and a fine performer on the spinet. The spinet! Something seemed to tell me that it was she in next room. I did not know whether to cry out or stay where I was. I hurried across the room and crouched in the big arm chair. Of one thing I was certain I would not go near the parlor door.

The hands of the clock moved five minutes. It seemed an hour. I looked stealthily at the door. Oh horrors! Again the weird odd tinkling sound! It was she! The sound stopped, but what was that? The door was slowly opening. I gave one shrill scream. I closed my eyes. Then I heard my brother's voice. My relief was so great that I became hysterical, crying "Oh! Ned, the ghost, the ghost, did you see her?" "See what," asked Ned. "Why the ghost, she's in the next room and I've been so scaled." "Why, you little goose, what have you been dreaming and

why aren't you in bed?" "Some one bas been playing on the piano for the longest time and it must be a ghost." Ned gave a loud laugh just as the piano struck an agon ized chord. "There, there"—I cried hysterically, with a determined look on his face, Ned took a candle from the mantel, lighted it, and started for the partor. I begged him not to go, but he replied that ghost or no ghost he was going to see, so I followed with my knees shaking so I could scarcely walk.

He opened the door and was about to enter the room. Again, again the awful sound was made. We stopped. Ned holding the candle aloft. We could see no one. The piano was open as usual. Ned advanced. I backed toward the door. He walked up to the piano. Oh! what was that? A loud meow! Frisky my little kitten, jumped from the piano and ran towards me meowing.

"Oh!" said Ned, "so this is the ghost of our reverend grand-mother." "Oh you big baby, when I tell this won't the folks laugh!" "Well if you'd been here alone I guess you'd been frightened too and if you ever dare breathe a word of this then there will be something else told."

With which parting threat I went to my room taking with me the unwilling culprit. I was so ashamed of being frightened by a little kitten, but as Ned said nothing about it, the story has not been told until now. "Believe nothing you hear and half of what you see."

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS



From the frequent appearance of a certain member of our faculty, the young ladies think there must be something

Some one wants to know if a picture showing a pupil of Tech in the act of running pell-mell into Mr. Skinner's office, could not aptly be entitled, "Fools rush in where an-

Mr. Adams (A2 physics class)—"How do they keep ships gels fear to tread.,,

from capsizing?" Miss H.-"They use anchors."

Ask Mr. M. of A2 if a German pony is hard to manage. Also ask Miss Hartman.

"Zoo" M. of Dr shot 57 varieties of rabbits-and woke

Out on the gridiron rushed the teams, Equal in weight, all say, it seems. The game is on, both play their best, Central gets tired and wants a rest. So Snow lies down; "Water" they cry, "He'll be all right in the sweet bye-and-bye," They are off again at the whistle's call, And Smith is signalled to take the ball; DuGanne is next, much to our glee, But the Central furrows followed not free. "Twas not right to play halves so long," The "Blue and White" team should resort to ping-pong, "But base ball is coming," is their eager cry, "Then it will be our time to guy." The staying stuff is needed in the C. H. S. Let's play a game of five innings or less.

Little Charlie Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a limburger pie;
The crust he bent.
Out came a (s)cent,
Said Charlie, "What a rich boy am I,"

The other day a certain captain invented a new move ment. "All those who have no guns, come up to right

Johnny bought a soldier suit,
It fit him spick and span,
But when Johnny over-stooped,
R-Rip VanWinkle was a lucky man.—Scapskin.

It has been suggested that Miss S. of G_I succeed M_I.

You should see the Balance Sheet No. 2. It has a picture of Harold Simpson, in which the perpetual smile on his face has vanished. We have no doubt but that the photographer in retouching the photograph, thinking his smile a little too broad in proportion to the width of the picture, used his skill to make the football hero look less cherub-like.

There was a little girl and she wore a little curl, Just where she wore it in the fable; She wears it thro' the day, But I've heard her brother say, That at night it rests upon the table.

Farmer Thompson will not attend any of the dances as he believes it to be a sin.

Fr has lost its Beard.

Mr. Gerry—Are you feeling ill Mr. ——? Mr. Gerry Pet pupil—Yes, sir; I have a cold or something in my

Mr. Gerry—It surely must be a cold. head.

E2 is proud of its Tuxedo. Why shouldn't it be?

Therefore McCarthy wants his "T," but apparently he has to drink it at home.

Mr. DuGanne would better see what Barnes' History has to say on Commissary Department.

Ellsworth and Huddleson are called the twins in A4. I wonder why?

Teacher-Write as rapidly as you can. Pupil-I can't write that fast.

Mr. Lowell is back and there is more noise in the Study Hall.

There is a certain young lady with a "bird-of-a-name," who says Mr. B. is ever it (Everett).

The A4 Symphony Orchestra will furnish music for all dances and weddings. For engagements, apply to, C. S Turner, leader.

Order: The girls coats must not be pulled and jerked during school hours .- Captain Butman.

Hunt DI is a study in scarlet in his Western sweater.

Braly, B3 says he don't need no English Grammar.

Mr. Dunning, on sampling a specimen of cooking school art, asked the fair donor, a pupil of his class, how much Physics she applied in its manufacture. She innocently replied, "I used a lot of hot air, and—"

Stoddard, B3, is always on the look-out for bargains in antiques. He recently purchased a 30c copy of Macbeth for 40c, second-hand.

Since DuGanne brought his lunch to Miss Yeatman, of B2, she has not been able to attend school.

There is a sad type of unrecognized genius in B₃ Chapman, "the curly headed composer," has long struggled against adversity with remarkable perseverance, and we hope ere many moons have waned, his name will have reached its proper niche in the Hall of Fame.

From the manner in which Braly, B3, chalks the end of the pointer while at the board, you would think he was about to put the 15-ball in the side pocket.

Crowe, B3, informs us that the Crusaders captured a strip of Jerusalem, 50 feet wide and 500 miles long.

A3 Logic—The courts in the Middle Ages were very good when they were not bad.

The times throughout Europe were very turbulent, and often men were murdered and never heard from again,



SCHOOL NOTES



We learn with great joy that a number of new lathes and millers have lately been ordered for the machine shop and are to be installed by the beginning of next year at the very latest. We congratulate the present "juniors" and "sophs" on being the first to use the new machines and entreat them to be sure and save the parts, in order that the present "freshmen" may see what they looked like.

A2 regrets the leaving of Mr. Acton, also the absence of Miss Dowden who has been absent almost the whole quarter on account of sickness. We hope she will soon return.

Room 12, thro' the efforts of G1 and C1 has been greatly improved. You are all invited to come and look.

There has been considerable discussion going on lately relative to the advisability of introducing a weekly spelling lesson into the M. T. S. Some will read of this with a look of satisfaction while others will feel a slight quiver around the knees as if the ghost of some dreaded enemy had suddenly appeared before them in the dark to heap more trouble on the heads of the weary.

A MIDNIGHT DILEMMA.

We had been waiting in vain during the month of January for the river to freeze and make skating to Knoxville, a small town eighteen miles up the river, possible. It was our intention to skate up in the morning, and if possible return on the freight train, or if this failed to skate back in the evening. The first week of February was intensely cold and everything was frozen solid. Saturday warmed up into an ideal day for skating. We started out in the morning, five of us, and, taking our time, arrived in Knoxville, without mishap, at 12 o'clock. We obtained something to eat and loafed around town till 5 o'clolk, when we walked down to the watering tank, where the freights stopped to take water. At the switchman's house nearby the tank we learned that the freight was two hours late. Being too tired to skate back, we decided to wait for the train. We walked back up town, and, buying a few eatables, managed to kill the remaining time. The freight came along a little after eight, and as we knew the conductor and crew, we had no trouble in getting permission to ride in the caboose. We had traveled about twelve miles, when we were surprised to feel the train come to a full stop, and, looking out, found ourselves at Brunston, a small settlement outside our own town. We were wondering what had caused the stop, when the conductor who had gone out to see what the trouble was, came back with the information that he had received orders to side-track his train until twelve o'clock, and it was now only a quarter of nine. We boys realized that we could not wait that late, as it would cause a great deal of worry at home. So as it was only about five miles to home, we decided to stard out and walk it. The river at this point made a large bend and was three miles distant and no direct road, so skating was out

of the question. Now, walking five miles in that country was far different from walking the same distance near a was large city, for there, just outside of those country towns, the large city, evidences of civilization disappeared. So we set out for the main road, whick we would strike about a mile down from Brunston. The road we were now walking was nothing but a rough, timber road, which had been cut through the surrounding forest. The settlement of the two towns and the cutting through of the railroad had of course practically driven all wild game out of that immediate region, but we had often heard of stray wolves and panther coming down from the mountains. While we were all used to a frontier life and its dangers, yet we could not help thinking of those rumors concerning wolves and panther. It was not with an entirely free mind that we trudged along, and while we didn't say anything of the these thoughts to one another, they were all there, and there was no time that some or all of us were not whistling to keep up our spirits. We had walked about fifteen minutes and had covered about half the distance, when one of the boys looked around and involuntarily let out a sharp exclamation, at which we all of one accord turned, and there walking behind us were three large and powerful timber wolves. Without saying a word, we increased our gait, hoping the wolves would strike off into the woods, but looking back they were still there and increased their gait to keep up with ours. We kept this up for a short time without the wolves coming nearer. But on looking around again we saw only one wolf was behind us. At first we did not know what this meant and thought that the other two had left us, and the third had waited to satisfy his curiosity a little longer. Then it dawned upon us. a cry "Climb trees," we all broke for the nearest trees. And we were just in time, for we had scarcely swung our-

selves up into the branches when the two wolves reappeared from either side of the road and rushed upon us. The wolves below watching all of menced the wait. The wolves below watching all of us and we watching all the wolves and trying to discourage them by throwing at them broken off branches. We sat, shouting at each other to make sure that none of us should fall asleep, for it was getting intensely cold, and we were tired. We had sat there, it seemed, about ten hours, when we heard our freight going through the woods off in the distance. This meant it was only a short time after twelve, and we had probably five hours more to wait before the wolves would take themselves off at daybreak. I did not see how we could stand it, for I was now so cold and sleepy that I was in conssant danger of falling to the wolves below, and I knew the rest were in the same condition. We waited perhaps an hour more, when to our surprise the wolves departed and seemed to have given up their watch. We thought this to be only a ruse and waited longer. They did not reappear again. Getting down noisely so as to be sure to attract their attention if they were waiting and picking out a tree to run to in case they should appear, we all left our place of confinement which had served as such an unpleasant bed for the longest four hours of our lives. Making a dash for the trees we had selected and swinging up to the first branch, we looked around expecting to find the wolves below us, but it seemed they must not have been hungry enough to wait longer or scented something else. So dropping to the ground tired, as we were, we ran without stopping until we reached the main road, where having gained some of our lost courage we dropped to a walk. We had walked but a mile when we heard a wagon coming up the road towards us. We met it and imagine our joy to find it was Mr. Allen, the father of one of the boys in our

party. He informed us that on the arrival of the freight train the station-master knowing that we had intended to come home on it and not seeing us had made inquiries, and was told of our setting out to walk. Search parties were immediately formed, some on foot, others like Mr. Allen in wagons.

That night as I crawled in bed, sore in every joint and muscle, I could never remember when bed had felt so good and to this day I have never gone to sleep appreciating a

good bed as I did that night.

I was allowed to sleep late for once in my life and slept until two o'clock in the afternoon. On going down stairs I learned that, since it was Sunday, the men having nothing to do had formed a hunting party in search of the wolves. They returned about seven o'clock that evening. The dogs had tracked the wolves until they were in sight and in the chase one was shot. It gave me particular delight to recognize the hide, which they brought back, as the one belonging to the wolf which had seemed to take special interest in waiting beneath my tree for me to fall.





ALUMNI



The first reunion of the Class of 1903 of Tech, took place in the school on Christmas Eve. About fifty people were present including Mr. Chamberlain aud Mr. Gardiner. A short business meeting was held during the early part of the evening in Class Room 1 and the following officers were elected to serve for a term of one year: President T. R. Senior; Vice President, Eiizabeth Keeling; Secretary, Ella M. Elcott; Treasurer, C. J. Toole; Second Vice President of the Alumni Association, C. P. Wilson. After the business meeting a dance was given on the second floor and during the intermission a banquet was given in the large drawing room. The success of the re-union is due greatly to the efforts of Miss Abby F. Warn, who was untiring in her efforts to make the evening enjoyable.

The Alumni Association of Tech gave a dance at the Cairo on Saturday, December twenty-sixth, which was enjoyed by those present.

The Christmas Holidays witnessed the return of many of the boys who have been away from Washington.

Phil Hoge, John Ballard and Henry Heine came home from Cornell, while Dick Senior, Joe Galliger and Martin Schmid represented Lehigh University. Howard Bayly and Randolph Von Bayer also managed to return to the city for a few days.

All Tech graduates have now received application blanks for membership in the Alumni Association. These should be filled out according to directions and returned to the Secretary of the Association,

As stated in the previous issue, Mr. Culloch Wilson '03 is stock clerk with Galt & Bros., jewelers, he hopes soon to take up the study of architecture and to obtain employment in that line.

Tommy Nolan '03 is at Pennsylvania State College where he is studying civil engineering.

Edgar Pipes '03 is studying electricity in the Bliss Electrical school of this city.

Warren Wagner besides the electrician of the Empire Theatre, is also telephone engineer with the Berwyn Telephone Co. He expects to pursue the study of electrical engineering.

C. E. Duffy is employed with Mann & Co., as a draftsman. He expects by this means to pay his way through Columbian where he is studying mechanical engineering.

Roy Carty '03 is working in the instrument making department of the Bureau of Standards.

Theo. N. Gill '03 is at Lehigh University where he is following a course in mining engineering.

Geo. Hutchinson '02, is at present employed as a registered Solicitor of Patents and in connection is studying law at Columbian University.

Carl Stenz 02' is taking a course in mechanical engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Edgar Berliner of the class of '02 is studying mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



EXCHANGES.



We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of The Western, The Review, The Balance Sheet, The Eugene High School News, The Red and Black, The Nantilus, and the Dynamotor. The latter is the new monthly paper of the Armstrong School.

It is awful clever in the pupils of Central make up those little verses which the Review has been publishing in its last two issues. Some of the "original" rhymes have been found in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for the month of March, 1903. We think at least that the Centralites might acknowledge what they take.

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em.
When asked what they cost
In case they were lost,

He replied, "I don't know, for I rent 'em."—This came from the Review, of Central; also from Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The Western contains a very nice little story relating to football entitled, "A Mistaken Star."

The Nantilus, from the Manual Training High School, of Kansas City, Missouri, is by far the best school paper that we have received. Its articles on Oxygen, on the walking fern, on the manufacture of cut nails, and on the use and abuse of colors, are instructive and entertaining to the pupils.

The Eugene High School News, our newest exchange, comes from Oregon. It is a very neat little paper, having much of interest in the shape of stories.

CLIPPINGS.

Question:—Why does a calamity cause the price of eggs to fall?"

Answer.—Because calamities cause tears. Tiers are layers. Layers are hens. An increase in hens means an increase in eggs. An increase in eggs causes a fall in their price.

Q. E. D.

She—I thought you said that when the men were training they couldn't take a drink.

He-Yes; that's right.

She—I just heard a man say that Mr. Punter was playing full this game.

Stinson-Yes; and probably above the average.

Huddleson—My dear fellow, you are so small that I could stick you into my vest packet.

Ellsworth—"Then," rejoined the abused, "you would have more wisdom in your vest pocket than in your head."

He—If I tried to kiss you would you call for help? She—Would you need it?

The blinds were down,
The lights were dim,
When I heard her say to him:
"I wish you would shave,
Or else, I wish you would behave."

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Draftsman for L. Dessez, 1421 F N.W. Yours truly,
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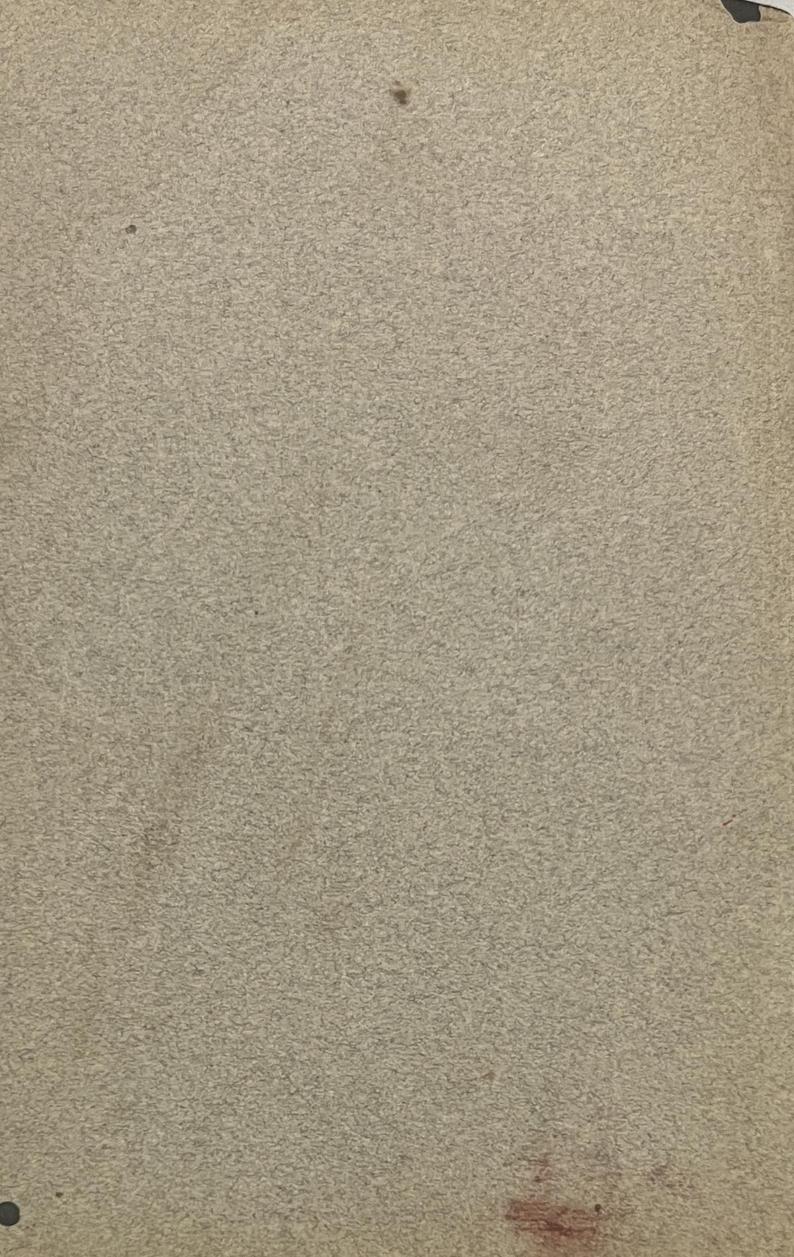
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HAND AND MIND.

Vol. II.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

APRIL 1, 1904.



The return of spring should manifest itself in a revival of interest in athletics for after the long winter's confinement in overheated and stuffy classrooms every one wants to be outdoors in the sunshine and fresh air. The school athletics afford an opportunity for this and with the baseball season and outdoor track athletics at hand every one can indulge in some pleasant and healthful form of exercise. A few hours after school these fine spring days could not be more profitably spent than in some form of athletics. Athletics is a valuable part of school life for, beside helping one to develop a robust and healthy body, it is an excellent training for the character.

BASEBALL.

The baseball team will naturally feel the loss of Mr. Grant, who has developed such strong teams for us in the past, but we have some boys who have had the benefit of his teaching, and we also have John Beall who, under Mr. Grant has learned all the fine points of the game and is

fully capable of coaching our baseball team and developing it into another championship team. Among the old players who will form a nucleus of this year's team are Haring, Geib, Moore, Skinner and Watson. Ballenger will captain the team this year.

For some time past a large squad of boys have been practicing in the old rink at Eighth and Rhode Island Avenue, but they will be able to practice outdoors now and will settle down to hard training for the coming championship games.

Mr. Taylor, who has been manager of the baseball team for the past two years and who was also manager of our championship football team, has been awarded the school emblem by the committee in recognition of his valuable services. Mr. Taylor has been re-elected manager of the baseball team and has arranged a schedule of games which is given below;

March 23—Gallaudet "26—M. A. C.

" 30-Bliss Electrical School

April 6—Bliss Electrical School

" II—Emerson Institute

" 18-Washington School for Boys

" 20—Bliss Electrical School
" 26—Western High School

" 27—Emerson Institute

28—Washington School for Boys

30-Episcopal High School

May 5—Georgetown Reserves

6—Eastern High School
Georgetown Reserves

" 17—Business High School

" 21—Georgetown Reserves

" 25-M. A. C.

" 26—Central High School

Above schedule subject to change

TRACK ATHLETICS.

There was not much interest displayed in track athletics this winter owing to the fact that the cold weather made training impossible in the "Rink" and also to the fact that there was no high school indoor meet.

A meet was given by Georgetown in which several of our boys participated and did very creditably. A relay team was also sent to represent the school in the Johns Hopkins meet in Baltimore.

There will be an inter-high school meet, as usual, this June, on Georgetown field. "Tech" has never won the meet and we should make a great effort to win this year in order to bring this branch of athletics up to the high standing we have attained in other lines. There is a great number and variety of events in this meet and every one should try for some of them. With conscientious training any one can make a good showing in the meet and the excuse "I can't do anything" is another way of admitting you are too lazy to try. It requires several years to develop a good track team and we should begin now by getting a good crowd of boys out to train as soon as possible.

GIRLS ATHLETICS.

"Tech's" first Girls' Basket Ball Team played its first and only game with the team representing Western High School, in the latter's gymnasium, on February 8. The fact that our team was to play a champion team and on entirely new grounds seemed to make our inexperienced girls rather nervous and in consequence the playing in the first half was rather slow. The score at the end of this half stood 17—3 in favor of Western, but in the second half the playing was quick and interesting. Our team more than held their own and were rapidly getting the better of the

game when the whistle blew and the game ended with the score 27—15. A game had been arranged with Eastern but was called off by Mrs. Walton and just about this time the Athletic Association found it impossible to spare any more money for the girls' team so practice has been suspended and Basket Ball is over for this year. The prospect for next year's team is very bright as most of the players will return, and much may be expected of them.



IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.



Berkshire is a region in the southwestern corner of the state of Massachusetts. The climate is one in which both extremes of weather are felt. It is the resort of thousands of summer visitors who swarm over its inviting landscape. In the winter snow falls in moderate quantities giving ample opportunity for sleigh riding among its beautiful hills. The main features of the geography of Berkshire County are the Taconic range of mountains to the west of the Housatonic River and the Berkshire Hills, a continuation of the Green Mountains, to the east. The highest peaks in the region are Greylock or Saddleback about 3,500 feet and the Dome or Mount Everett in the South just opposite Sheffield about 2,500 feet. The Taconics run down the western edge of the region and make a sharp boundary throughout their length between the states of Massachusetts and New York. To the east of the Taconic range parallel to it runs Berkshire's chief river, the sinuous Housatonic, a river just large enough to be significant, just small enough to challenge friendship. Itsrise is in the northern hills of the country, both the eastern and middle ranges; it flows through five-sixths of the width of Massachusetts; and it prolongs its run through that portion of Connecticut which is in fact a continuation of the Berkshire region to the South. From the banks of the Housatonic, both east and west stretch broad fertile farmlands. Those on the west develop into rolling hills at the foot of the Taconics; those on the east ceasing at the foot of Berkshire's high hills or the Hoosic range.

It was to this region that a schoolboy repaired at the beginning of the vacation period.

"Where ample meadows downward go.
To meet the laughing brook below,
Where stand apart, whispering woods,
Where noises are and solitudes."

"A wooded mountain side, a green valley, running water a lake with islands, a New England hillside pasture with boulders and red cedars, berry bushes and fern patches, the whole bounded by stone walls and bordered by grey birche and pitch-pines,—for sights to live with let me have thes and things like them." It would be useless to attempt detailed narrative of what this city boy did in three months He had a delightful time and no end of adventures and dis. coveries while running rampant in one of the most beauti ful regions of the United States and also doing the chore required of the 'natural-born hoosier.' It would be interesting however, to have him describe the impressions which it made upon him. There is no trouble about the effect of Berkshire at first-hand. Although no catalogue of places would reproduce the charm its lovers feel, a recital of what one has enjoyed among these hills and under these skies may recall to others like sensations and delights.

It was a lovely location and a real home where six of us abided that summer; back from the highway which runs northward from Sheffield to Great Barrington. There was a living room with its great open fireplace and hearth, and relics of foreign travel with hours of interesting stories connected with them; a library where books of adventure and nature were at hand to while away the quiet hours; a dining room with a view from the windows which could at least stimulate the appetite and help the digestion; and

then light cool rooms with air blowing through which comes near to being ideal and which banishes languor and

makes rest refreshing.

Between the house and highway was the 'front yard' only by reason of its separation from the surrounding territory for all Berkshire is 'front yard'. In this yard was a grove of trees consisting of pines, maples and elms. Under these trees resting on the soft pine needles many happy hours were spent. Lucky the man who can so obtain rest and new life with such environment. Over head the clear azure of the sky finds occasional entrance. The voice of the trees is a deep contralto note full of suggestiveness like the murmur of the sea, given greater volume when the arm of the wind gains greater force.

At the rear of the house is a yard but not a back yard for the smooth shaven lawn makes a velvet carpet fit for scenes of pomp and ceremony. Just a score of feet away is the work-shop a perfect gem of rusticity and natural beauty. Entering the structure through a maze of morning glory and honeysuckle vines, one steps into a typical country work shop, a model of accumulation of every conceivable kind of junk; of all things these shops have least of the spirit of thenew progress, singleness or speciality of purpose. A thousand and one kinds of articles are there which some day the farmer will call into use in repairing his implements.

At a dozen paces from the shop are the stable and then the barn, two imposing structures well built and having some pretension to architectural beauty. Here in the stable loft many 'stunts' were done on the trapeze, principal of which was 'skinning the cat' and then falling plumb into a great pile of most delicious smelling hay and rising with a mouthful of clover leaves and hay seed. I recall this diversion and that of throwing a great pitch-fork of hay down the hay-drop right on top of the head of the snorting

prancer below, as the chief pleasures of many of the hours. I recall nothing much in the barn to interest you. Death, marriage and the trend of life from the farm to the city has rendered it barren of all its rightful inhabitants. Squeek. ing mice, cooing pigeons and cackling hens held sway in its capacious walls.

Let us walk down to the shores of the Housatonic through waving rye fields where an old gray head with ancient cradle

is busy at work.

"And reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between."

We hear the larks flitting around. At our approach they soar high above the earth with a sharp whistled note sing. ing their homely song many times before alighting. We are now in the native haunts of the river; as walkers we are traversing the tangled thickets with the river as our guide and friend. It is a splendid guide, not a gruff, silent creature but one with a musical laughter animating and enlivening the whole scene; not neglectful of its duty but initiating you into the secrets of the wood and field. If we walk a short way up the course we shall come to nature's own garden. In early summer we shall find the yellow crowfoot and the cinquefoil, then the toad-flax and loose-strife, the downy false fox glove and the golden St. John's wort, said to have healing qualities. Later the red bee-balm and orange jewel-weed and then the cardinal flower with its magnificent red. There is no other wild flower which approaches the cardinal flower in color. In August the flower is in its prime and it will be found in marsh ground and on the edge of the pasture.

Back, over the way we have come to the Housatonic and across the road in front of the House is the steep hillside of

the Berkshires. We retrace our steps back through the rye field and walk slowly up the hillside-meadow in the evening

glory.

The cows have gone for milking. No sooner are we half way up than we espy a great mushroom, a variety commonly called the puff-ball or in the South, the Devil's snuff box. We secure it for it makes an epicure's dish. In our search for more we alight on a slender braided spike of the lady's tresses with its delicious fragrance. With pleasure we take the prize. Now we are at the top of the hill where the yellow mullein, the purple hardhack, conical in shape, the golden rod in full brightness grow in abundance along the rocky lanes. We view the sunset from a huge jutting boulder extending sheer out over the hillside. It was a sunset full or quiet beauty. Many miles away we could see it descending behind the Catskills. The west glowed with warm color tinting with a rim of gorgeous hue the dark faced clouds on the mountain tops. The glory lingered for a short while and slowly faded while the first of the stars were in full sight. As we descended everything was still but for the tender liquid trill of the wood-thrush as it floated across the glen. It was a mystical hour for there is no other woodland song like this. There is no other bird whose note deserves so much of poet and lover of nature, as the wood-thrush. His call is one of enchantment, heartful of emotion born of solitude. There is no surpassing song of bird life; this is the climax. The twilight is fast giving away to the star-lit evening. As we cross the road at the foot of the hill, up in the apple tree we hear the Pheobe's tiny note of contentment and cheerfulness calling in two syllables, Pheo-be It is with a heartfelt thankfulness for the pleasures of a day that we turn in for a night of peace and restfulness. RALPH F. McElfresh, '04.

HAND AND MIND

WASHINGTON, D. C., ARPIL 1, 1904. Vol. II.

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THE ASSESSMENT OF THE STREET,			8-

EDITORIALS

On returning from the Easter holidays we will have before us only one short quarter before the end of this school year, only one short quarter, but what may not thta one quartermean? It means first of all the hardest kind of work for many, for it may be this quarter which shall decide whether some be promoted to the next year and whether others

be graduated. It is perhaps unfortunate it should be at this time, that the hardest work is required for it is the very season of the year when it is most difficult to put one's mind and body down to work. "Spring fever," that well-known malady so common at this time of the year, will do its best to thwart our best plans and intentions. It is also in this quarter that the great events of the year take place and there is constant preparation for the winning of the drill, baseball and the track meet. So it is indeed a busy quarter that we have to look forward to on our return from the holidays.

The fourth year boys are objecting to those students from other sections who work extra time employing lathes which they should have the use of.

If appropriation is not soon made for advance in the salaries of Washington High School teachers, Brooklyn and New York will have all of our teachers; they have already "gobbled up" seven or eight of our Washington teachers through offers of better salaries.

It has been suggested that some construction work after the order of the table lately fiinished, should be introduced into the wood-shop instead of so much lathe work.

It is indeed surprising to see how quickly the corridors are vacated after two.

What is the matter with the Hendey lathe, no one is allowed to use it?

You perhaps have noticed that the new topic of "Science" has been added to our table of contents. We

are indebted to Mr. Smallwood and Mr. Carroll, our able business managers, for these notes. Through either the lack of news, the failure of agents to make reports, or the lack of hard work on the part of the different editors, Faculty, Social, School and Alumni rotes have all been put in under the head of School notes.

Since our last issue the school has been surprised by the resignation of one of its most loved teachers. Mr. J. D. Minnick, head of our mathematics department, has accepted a position in the Commercial High School of New York.

As a teacher Mr. Minnick was one of the most able mention his branch. We cannot express too high an opinion of his qualities. As a member of the faculty he was revered and respected by the students and by his colleagues. As a member of the Athletic Association he was universally praised and appreciated. Mr. Minnick has been with us since we have been a separate school. He has been; aside from a good teacher, a strong upholder of clean athletics and to his influence is due much of our reputation along this line. In Mr. Minnick we lose one of the stays of our school. We extend sincere congratulations to the lucky pupils whom he will henceforth instruct, but are strongly of the opinion that we are in need of condolence.



REGIMENTAL NOTES



Since our last number nothing of interest has transpired in the military line, just simply the regular routine of drill, and a large number of those tiresome indoor drills. However, each company commander has been furnished with the regular competitive drill programme, and the captains are now busy working out the programmes, that is studying out how they shall maneuver their companies in order to execute the prescribed movements in the best possible manner. Since good drilling weather has come, and the companies have learned exactly what movements are required of them, there has been a marked improvement in the drills as a whole. The officers, as well as the men in the ranks, seem to have been seized with new vigor and determination. From now to the competitive will be one period of hard, energetic work, interrupted only by a few drills for the great regimental drill and sham-battle at the White Lot, which is second in importance only to the company competitive drill itself.

Since the last issue the captains have drawn for the order in which they go on the drill field, the following is a list of the same:

FIRST DAY.

- 1. Company H, Captain Cumstom, Western.
- 2. " F, " Tewksbury, Eastern.
- 3. " C, " Conwell, Tech.
- 4 " D, " Turner, Tech.
- 5. "K, "Butman, Tech.

SECOND DAY.

T	Company	A,	Captain	Cox, Central,
2.	11	G,		Heap, Business.
	"	I,	((French, Central.
3.	(1	В,	11	Kelly, Central.
4.5.		E,	. (Bond, Business.

The companies of the Third Battalion were recently subject to a few sligh changes due to the resignation of 1st-Sergt. C. H. Culberson of Co. D., who received a business appointment in New York. 2d-Sergt. B. B. Ramey was appointed to fill the vacancy, which called for the following promotions: 3d Sergt. F. J. Viehmeyer to be 2d Sergeant; 4th Sergt. R. B. Patterson to be 3d Sergeant; 5th Sergt. W. S. Dulin, to be 4th Sergeant; Corporal W. H. Hunt to be 5th Sergeant; Private V. I. Richtrd to be Corporal.

The dates for the drills have at last been set. The Regimental Drill and sham-battle will probably be on the 6th of May and the Competitive Drill will be on the 1st and 2d of June. In case of rain it will be put off until the 3d and 4th.

This is a personal invitation to the reader and his or her friends to come out on drill days and watch the cadets. Come out; we need you to show us that the school as a whole takes some interest in us, that you want the flag to stay at "Tech." There is one school in this city that is a unit in itself. Everybody there is enthusiastic over the company. Why shouldn't "Tech." be so with three large companies and three of the best captains to the whole organization. When a cadet sees someone from his school standing on the sidewalk he drills his best 'just to show them what he can do'. If he is kept at this by your pres-

ence the drill will come our way and we will have anotrhe "Tech." captain wearing a gold medal. We will have another victory added to the fame of "Tech". Besides being an invitation to the members of the school not in the battalion, this is also an appeal to the cadets. Boys; work work hard, it is the only way. It may seem monotonous to hear this so much, but it is only by such eternal hammering that the end can be accomplished. Spring is here and we are able to drill outdoors; make the most of your time and perfect yourself. If you do the bestlyou can it will stimulate the man next to you to do the same and this will help the whole company. Don't, under any circumstances, get to kidding. It only makes the file closers jump on you and surely this is no pleasure. Do you want to see at the end of the year some other company walk off with the flag, the gold medal, the red ribbon and all the honor? Nobody admires you for raising a laugh in the company and in this way losing the drill. But everybody honors you for your hard work and look up to you as a hero when you have come off victorious as a result of this. Don't think of yourself alone, think of your captain. It has been his ambition for three years to be the captain of the winning company and then to have his hopes dashed to the ground by the lack of interest in one cadet is no laughing matter. Boys; think of this when you begin to talk to your neighbor and then stop. Think of your school, of the faith it puts in you, and then think how you betray this trust when your discipline is not what it should be.

We may consider ourselves lucky this year, for our officers are of the very best. All three of the captains have been members of a winning company and know how it feels. Captain Conwell and Captain Turner were both in Huddleson's company, Conwell as right guide and Turner as Corporal. Captain Butman was in "Billy" Shepard's when it won in 1901. A number of our lieutenants, Huchinson Skinner, Sullinger and Darrah were in Co. C last year All of these officers are doing their very best to make their company win and one of them will.

J. A. H.

The Hand and Mind has at its disposal a course of any subject in the "International Correspondence School" at very attractive figures. Further particulars can be had by applying to Small-wood, class room 11.



A FRIENDLY WARNING.



J. M. Tufts, A3.

I have written this only after noticing a tendency among the boys of Technical to attempt hard work during summer and am anxious to have all vividly remember my misfortunes, and when summer comes, be careful to dodge such fate as befell me.

I hate to pain the public by putting it in print, but it is my duty, for possibly it will save some of you from the untold horrors of a canning factory experience. Nocn of the last day of school saw us leaving Washington. We were innocent and unsuspecting enough to take along bicycles and kodaks. The senior member of the "firm" that I shall refer to as "we" had just graduated at Business High School and was exceptionally well prepared for entering the office of a canning factory, as bookkeeper, so said one of his teachers; and that teacher was correct, for he was hardy, knew just how long to keep good tempered and had a sense of humor. I won't malign the junior member for he was myself. I was only chosen as weighman for the reason that they had to have some one not living in that region because a local person would be expected to cheat for the factory or for his friends, the farmers, and also the bookkeeper récommended me as à "stayer," just as a seniormember should. He later gave as the reason for his unkindness, in recommending me, the excuse that he knew that I could see something amusing even in hard work.

Well, to get to the horrors, we were met at the station by the "Super" who was a surprise even to me. He told us that same day, that he was so peculiarly built that the only things he could buy ready made were umbrellas and "Chawin" (Chewing tobacco,) and a white horse of the Clay-borne variety, surnamed Pat. Pat got frightened and ran away with the Super before we had time to get into the rig, so we sat down and talked over matters till Pat and the Super came back. They were gone at least half an hour During that time the ticket agent volunteered that the old bookkeeper had left five weeks before and that the "yard book" had been keeping the books. It turned out later that he had kept them safe from all entries.

Theroad we drove over going to the factory, the Super said was thirty feet high in a north wind and five feet deep with a heavy dew and we didn't see any reasons for believing otherwise. We were given rooms opposite each other in the factory boarding house. These rooms were peculiar and interesting in many ways, one source of delight and never ending wonder to the senior member being the straps and buckles on the blankets. He asked me if I thought they were meant to be used for buckling a person in bed, and if I thought there were enough nervous looking people at the factory to warrant putting straps on all the blankets. I tumbled to what those blankets were that same day, for I saw Pat wearing one, but I was not heartless enough to tell the senior member.

The next thing we went to the office. It consisted of two rooms, the inner for the Super and bookkeeper and the outer for the unfortunate weighman. It was furnished with a high desk built to the floor, a set of pigeon holes for time cards, two home made stools and several small boxes. For the first two days all I had to do was to master the intricacies of keeping time, and trying to help my poor senior partner, whom I thought was catching it hard.

At breakfast the next day, the long table, where the Super and "Firm" had previously dined in state, was surrounded by bums in all states of dress and undress, whom the "Firm" later classed on the time cards as wild and domestic, local and foreign. At breakfast we sat at the table a reasonable length of time and at noon repeated, but at supper the "Firm" ate and were thankful. When a canning factory runs on peas for the first time in the season the vines, or pea thrashers are shrunk, the belts are loose and the elevatros rickety and that first day was a surprise to me. I did not know before that machinery could be so treacherous. Something could always break or jam without a moment's notice. Later I considered these breakdowns as special acts of Providence, and slept on my swinging desk until the break was repaired. Just to prove that I am not altogether lazy, I will state that a day's work was ten hours and we generally worked from 11 to 18 hours a day not counting stops for something to eat. My duties were easy. When a farmer brought a load of peas the yard boss gave him a receipt and put a copy of this receipt on a shingle and put it on the pile, when the load was to be threshed the pitchers put it on an elevator (endless belt) leading to the threshers; with the first forkfull also went the shingle. The feeder would rap on the floor and drop the shingle down through a hole in the floor, to me, then I would rap and the peas would be fed to the threshers, the shelled peas coming down into a big box set on scales. When the load was finished the man who fed would rap and I would close the slides, 'letting the peas belonging to the next load stay in the chutes,'weigh the peas in the box, notify the man at the fanning mill of the grade and variety of peas, and let them run out of the box into a reel, and repeat.

Often the feeder would run two loads into one, by feeding

a shingle to the thresher and I was especially set to water a shingle to the threshed him of mixing loads, I would him. When I suspected him of mixing loads, I would him through his window and he would store him. When I suspected a brick at him through his window and he would stop the a brick at him through his window and he would stop the a brick at him through a brick at him through the threshers and pow wow with me until we were satisfied that the straightened out. At night I had to threshers and pow wow. At night I had to make we had things straightened out. At night I had to make we had things straighten out the pack of triplicate weighbild to the triplicate weighbild to the time, while the senior member made out the pack of the time, while the senior member made out the pack of the time, while the senior member and there is the time. This was my program all summer and there was hard there day. This was my program was hard there was hard there were skipping. Still, although the program was hard there were skipping. Still, arthough three other things that were still worse. Firstly the odon three other things that three other things that odon rivalled the historic seven of Cologne, for the place was far the cruell about the factory was a from sanitary and the smell about the factory was not ex actly like the odor of sanctity. Secondly not a day passed but some irate farmer would come and tell me a tale of wo or call me a thief downright. Of course I could have have some amusement out of this, except that for the good of the factory I was told to sympathize with them and with a so answer turn away wrath. Still I got some satisfaction ou of them for the factory supplied me with bad cigars and was a real pleasure to give them away, and many a tough old farmer would grow sick with one between his teeth And thirdly there was a beautiful clear trout stream near and sometimes worthless scamps would come and show to me always to me first, the trout they had caught. One I remem. ber weighed three and one-half lbs. I always intended to catch one, too, but they would not bite on Sunday.

The third week we were there, a new Super was sent down from Buffalo. The foreign bums and a few locals took this to heart and struck. Their real reason was that they were sick of work and wanted a change of climate. Over thirty quit, most of them feeders and pitchers, and we were in a bad fix. The office worked nights for during the day the Super dotted and the 'Firm' pitched. This lasted

only three days, when enough dagoes were sent from Rome in the next county, to straighten things out. Along with the dagoes came two machinists. They were very likely fellows. The first Sunday they got up a little game of 'draw' and fleeced everybody but the Super and 'Firm,' who didn't play. They stayed two more Sundays and did a thriving business and then left by night. The same week three men, detectives from Utica, came after them, but were too late. I'd hate to have to say that we either were or were not glad.

Sometimes pay day would be delayed for some reason or or other and as the employes were poor they would actually be in need. But there was a way to get money, for two public spirited citizens gladly cashed time at from eighty to ninety cents on the dollar. The louder the supplicant could protest and lament the better terms he could make with these times cashers, for hot air was at a premium at the factory. One of these thrifty citizens was named Badger Bently. He was cross eyed, undersized, as ill natured as a crab and the more he wanted to please anybody the more abusive his words would become, sometimes when he was using the worst language imaginable his manner would turn them into a positive caress. He was also a horse trader. It was great to see him sidle up to some farmer who had stopped his team, and tell him, with the worst possible manner and expletives, that his team had the hovers and the hunders (over worked and under fed) and that they couldn't draw a settin' hen off'en a nest, and then offer to buy them. But at last the season ended and the firm gathered up its unusued bicycles and kodaks and merrily rolled away to a winter rest in the Washington schools,



SCHOOL NOTES



Miss Layton who has been confined to her home for the last three weeks is still ill but we hope she will soon be able to resume her school work.

We regret very much to announce the departure of Mr. Minnick who has gone to the Commercial High School of New City. The vacancy caused by his leaving has been filled by Mr. Daniels.

On February 15 members of the Fr Literary Club assembled at Mr. Stienmetz's house and spent a very pleasant evening. It was decided to have a debate in the near future, on the proposition "Resolved, That Japan was justified in declaring war against Russia." Those for the affirmative are, Steinmetz, Snyder and Sloat, and those for the negative are, Duncan, Babendreier and Lamborne,

The Chi Psi girls have been entertained by Miss Kemon and Miss Hastings. The meetings have been much broken up by the absence of several girls from the city.

Business ability is certainly a shining trait of the drawing department. Ask Miss Layton and Mr. Michie how to make an excuse from drawing?

The members of the Senior Club have been entertained at the homes of Misses Thonssen and Hastings. At the home of the former guessing games were in order and prizes were won by Miss Osborne, Captain Turner and Captain Butman. At the home of Miss Hastings where Pit was played, prizes were won by Miss Thonssen, Miss McCarthy and Mr. Carroll.

Raymond Outwater, one of Mr. Mattern's former students and student assistant to Prof. Munroe and an honored student in Columbian University has been appointed to the position of assistant chemistry teacher, made vacant by the transfer of Mr. Daniel to Mr. Minnick's place at the head of mathematics

C2, D2, and E2 have all taken the affirmative side of the following proposition, Resolved, "That Miss Christiansen be presented with a text book on slang words and phrases."

Miss Warn and Miss Plant have both returned to school after having been ill with the grip.

One more quarter gone and still no weekly spelling lesson. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Mr. Stienmetz F1 has been ill with neuretis and has just returned to resume his duties.

Since the last issue of this paper, Misses Browne, Gilliam, Heine, McCarthy, Withal, Spier, Hodges, Gibson and Lawton have been elected and duly initiated members of the Sophomore Club. The club regrets that Mr. Lansburg has resigned his membership. The vacancy caused has been filled by the election of Mr. Ray Smith. Enjoyable meetings have been held at the residences of Misses Gilliam, Heine and Browne. Handsome prizes were competed for and won at the meetings and plenty of good fellowship resulted. At a recent meeting, Mr. Caywood was elected President; Miss Gilliam, Vice President; Miss Heine, Secretary, and Mr. Myers, Treasurer.

The girls of "Tech" gave a leap year dance at the Cairo on February 13th. It was a very delightful affair,

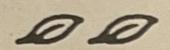
the girls making just enough mistakes to make things

Mr. Latimer Fr having been ill for sometime as the result of a fractured leg, has decided to discontinue his school course.

It is with great pleasure that the senior club announces its spring dance, and cordially invites the pupils of "Tech" and their friends. Invitations may be had of any club member. A jolly time is anticipated and it is hinted that refreshments will be served.

Several of "Tech's" prominent students were greatly amused last Saturday evening by a one act comedy "The Ladies Speak at Last," under the direction of Mrs. Waltin, in which four "Tech" girls took part.. As usual the "Ladies (who) Speake at Last" were Miss Has. tings, Miss Lee, Miss Barnes and Miss Fisher.

Some of the boys of G1 are publishing a paper each week, which they call the "Gee One Gazette."





WITH SHERMAN IN GEORGIA



The plain was dotted with flecks of light—the campfires of an armry of sixty-thousand men. The long, weary day's march at a close, the soldiers were enjoying themselves in various ways over the evening ration. Here a roar of laughter caused by some tale of the distant, loved home, which had been so much to the men in the past; here a solitary youth, gazing pensively at the crackling fire, thinking of home and sweetheart; here two heart-free young officers gaily discussing the chance of early promotion. These men, together in cause and hand, yet so widely separated in mind, prepared to lie down for the night in a country hostile to the last man with many a sight for the far-off home, now doubly distant because of their entire isolation.

In one tent, however, the dim light remained long after the dying fires showed that the army of Sherman was asleep. The stern grizzled commander was in close consultation with a square shouldered young lieutenant of a Pennsylvania regiment.

"Why do you volunteer on this dangerous work?" asked the general.

"Because sir, being better acquainted with the country hereabouts, I am better fitted for the duty" was the reply.

"So? This may prove useful. But how did you know the particular need of the news of the enemies' position just now?"

"Because I have closely followed the system and movements in this campaign and understand that an important move cannot now be made without knowledge of their

rces."
"Indeed. You seem to know as much about this move." ment as I do."

The youth remained silent.

"Then what do you propose?"

"Then what do you part of the Transfer of the Senator Hills' appeal, and prove the Senator Hills' appeal the Senato "To disguise mysel come up in answer to Senator Hills' appeal, and proceed to Swampsford where I know some people from the north

"Then you have friends there?"

"Yes sir; a college chum and his sister came here two years before the war broke out, with their mother whose health was failing at home. I have twice visited them here and have hunted over this very spot."

The general pondered deeply. "Well, young man if you, clearly understanding the dangers you run, are will. ing to undertake this mission, I will promise to remember you if you return' but I cannot command any man to risk so ignominious a death. Go! and your countries need care for you." The young man saluted and withdrew.

A Georgia Cracker strolled up to a handsome villa on the outskirts of the little town of Swainsford. Knocking loudly at the door, he seemingly took a long pull at a large brown bottle to confirm his character to a suspicious stranger, who, passing along the road was closely observing him. Miss Handon herself answered the knock, and in a surprised tone inquired of the man his business. A word in an undertone and the maiden startled, flushed deeply and admitted the man without more ado. The stranger. who had been noticing these proceedings, hastened onward to the Confederate camp.

"Oh! Frank! how dare you. You'll be hung" exclaimed the maiden once inside the door.

"Not much; I am pretty safe here, I fancy, where's

George?"

"Didn't you know that he had enlisted with Wheeler?"

"What? George? George Hanson a rebel?

"No! He is true to the State he has learned to love, and is protecting it as he should."

"Whew! You turned that way too, Rose? Say, I

guess you don't want me around then."

"I don't see why not Frank. I-I feel just the same to-

ward you."

"Of course, sweetheart, but you can hardly harbor a Yankee spy. I would not even expect you to. Besides, I must go about my work.

"I suppose you are right. But Frank, if you are in trouble, in danger, promise that you will come here if I can

be of service to you."

"I'll promise." The backwoodsman's slouch was gone, and it was the straight, shapely, young officer whose cherry "good bye" rang like music on the girl's ears as she watched him disappear down the road.

* * * * * *

It was late at night. The girl sat by the bedside of her mother, thinking of the one she had allowed to go away that day, perhaps to his death. Suddenly she was aware of a very light tap on the window. She flew to the door; scarcely was it open when a young man, the cracke rof the morning, now bloody and ragged, entered quickly and closed the door behind him.

"I am closely pursued. Can you hide me?" he asked. Her woman's heart saw only the blood on his clothing,

"Oh Frank;" she exclaimed, "You are wounded; what can I do?"

It is nothing. A mere scratch. Only, hide me if you

would save my life."

Even as they spoke, a tramp of heavy feet, a jangle of spurs, was heard on the porch and a harsh summons,

"Open! in the name of the Confederacy."

With that quickness of thought, bred by the knowledge of a loved one in danger, she pulled back a heavy portiere, "Hide behind this curtain" she said, "I will make them go up stairs."

The youth had scarcely hidden, when the call was

repeated.

The girl fearlessly opened the door. "What would you have? You know we have given our all to the cause."

"A Yankee spy came this way and we are told that he stopped here this morning. We must search the house."

The girl thought with lightning rapidly. They must pass that curtain. How? She must play on their suspicion. She betrayed excitement, and threw herself on the stairs, blocking the passage.

"You may search the house, but into my mother,s room

you must not go for she is sick."

The brutal officer thought he perceived anxiety in the

girl's manner.

"Ha, ha, boys"; he laughed "the spy is there—follow me. Despite the girls opposition, the four men ascended the stairs. As soon as they were out of sight, the girl threw open the door. "Take one of their horses and ride for your life" she whispered to her lover, who, with a fervent "God bless you sweetheart" passed silently out into the night. A clatter of hoofs awakened the rebels to a realization of the situation. They rushed down stairs

only to find the door shut and locked. Every second only to find Together they threw their weight upon was a forced it open Once outside the was valuable open. Once outside they were in quick it and forced it open. It had a half it it and lored in quick the fugitive had a half-mile start. Could he pursuit. Could he maintain it through the recomits to safety? He must. The maintain it may never reach the sea without his information.

Never an experienced rider, the wounded tired boy was no match in horsemanship to his pursuers. Yet he valiently kept on and for a time held his advantage. Five miles, six, he has kept his lead. The dawn is now breaking behind he has would daylight come in time to show those in camp his danger? Would he be shot by his own pickets in the uncertain light. Such thoughts flashed through his head. Must he fall, and so near safety? Now there are but two miles left, now one. He can hear the camp awaking to life with the dawn. Can he hold out, will he be discovered and saved, will he be dragged back and hanged and worse still leave the army without information? He felt his senses leaving him, he reeled in his saddle and fell over onto the neck of his horse. His foes closed in with exalting yells, but before the boy lost consciousness he heard the welcome commands of a squad of picket relief in the road ahead of him and the officers voice "Surrender in the name of the Union." The rebel taken by surprise gave in before the leveled rifles a hundred yards in front.

That day the general himself visited the lieutenant in the

hospital. "Well my young friend, you have-?"

"Succeeded, general. I have fully accomplished my purpose." Then followed a detailed account of the enemies disposition of his forces.

The lad's story was a long one. He had entered the Southern camp, seen the position and strength of the enemy and had finally been denounced as a spy by a citizen of Swainford, who had noticed him on his arrival. He had been arrested, but had effected his escape and gained the house of his friends in safety. The rest of the story we know.

The news the lad brought was very acceptable and Sherman's army proceeded victoriously to the sea. * * *

The sequel of this story is found in a pretty church wedding, which took place in a small northern town in Pennsylvania between Miss Alice Handon and Major Frank Stanley, shortly after the close of the war.



EXCHANGES



We wish to thank the editors of the following papers for the copies which they have sent us: The Review, The Western, The Easterner, The Balance Sheet, The Eugene High School News, The Mission, The Review (Streater, Ill.), The Radius, The Nautilus, The Red and Black, The High School Beacon, The Archive and The Cherry and White. Quite a number of these are now on our list. We welcome them.

The Radius, which has just come into existence, is a very clever school paper. We hope that it will keep up to the high standard which the editors have set for it in the first number.

The Mission, from San Francisco, has pleased us very much. It is gotton up in fine style and has a number of neat little cuts for the headings.

Why do the editors of the Beacon put advertisements in with the reading matter? With this exception the paper is very good.

The Nautilus, as ever, is one of the best. Many other papers when compared with it seem shallow.

The Eugene High School News is up to the usual standard.

In the exchanges we have up to the time of this issue found a large number of ghost stories.



"Here", cried the manager, excitedly, "the leopard has broke loose; if you see him shoot him on the spot."
"Which spot?" yelled the green circus hand.—Ex.

He was bidding "Good night" and the mistletoe hung Right over their heads as they stood, Her cheeks were aglow, like cherries her lips, He did what any one would. No, not what you think, my romantic young friend, He merely shook hands with a sigh;

It was not a propitious mistletoe chance, For her father and mother sat by.—Ex.

She Myrrhmyrrhed.

A lady once purchased some myrr,
And the druggist said gaily to hyrrh:
"If it's for your lips, Miss,
Have a care how you kiss,"
And she myrrhmyrrhed indignantly, "Syrrh!"—Ex.

A Definition.

A High School athlete is any boy who wears a little round cap on the back of his head and walks pigeon-toed. He is a great favorite among the ladies, whom he playfully salutes by their first names and condescendingly accepts their candy, although he is in training.—Ex.

INEZ-"Why is it known that they did not play cards on the ark?"

JOHN.-"Because Noah sat on the deck."-Ex.

Captain (to awkward squad).—When I say 'Halt,' put the foot that is on the ground beside the one in the air and remain motionless.—Ex.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs" said the tramp to a group of tourists. "I bathed in the spring of '86."-Ex.

HE:—"I saw you driving with a gentleman yesterday.

He appeared to have only one arm; is that all he has?"

SHE:—"Oh, no; the other arm was around somewhere."

Ex.

ROSE—"Most things that are bought go to the buyer."
FELT—"Yes: all except coal. That goes to the cellar."

-Ex.

A Glimpse Into the Future.

ST. PETER-"Who were you?"

APPLICANT-"A. M. M. T. S. student."

ST. PETER—"Were you a subscriber of the Hand and Mind?"

APPLICANT-"Yes."

ST. PETER—(door open to a crack) "Did you patron-tronize the advertiser?"

APPLICANT-"Well-No."

(Door closed with a slam.)-Ex.

A Wail.

Oh! boys, the time is coming, When parties are the go, And we, the young men gallant, Must have a lot of "dough".

First there comes a carriage,
And then a swell boquet,
And, last of all, a dress suit,
For which we have to pay.—Ex.

I noticed she was pretty, I thought she smiled at me; And after I had passed her I turned my head to see.

A piece of banana peel
My careless heel beguiled;
I cracked the curbstone with my head,
And then I knew she smiled.—E_X.

Have you seen Al? Al who! Alcohol. Kerosene him last night but he hasn't benzine since; gaso-line him against a lamp post and took a naptha. Gas, the petroleum wagon took him up.—Ex.

A German looked up at the sky and remarked: "I guess a leedle id vill rain somedime pooty quick."

a leedle id vill fain somedine in the intermediate of the intermed

Sarcasm.

'Twas Willie who the silence broke:

"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke;
"Oh, no, because you're woo'd", said he.

"I have a heart?" he asked so low;
Her answer made the young man red,
"Because you're sappy, don't you know,"

"Once more" she asked, "why are you now A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive,

"Trees leave sometimes, and make a bow, And you may also bow—and leave".—Ex.

We have no politics at our school, but we have plenty of the tics that belong to Polly's sister, Ann.—Ex.

More Trouble Over Fraternities.

"Why does the Sigma Psi so awfully?"
"That's because the Delta is down at the mouth."
"Oh, Phi. Sigma."—Ex,

We leaned across the friendly stile, The gentle moonbeams lit her face; The secret influence of her smile Annihilated time and space.

Quoth I: "The breezes kiss your cheek, Oh happy, happy, breezes they!" Sighed she, the maiden so petite: "Who gave them a monopoly?"—Ex.

Kate—"So her second husband is a tenor?"
Fred—"Yes; she says her first was a bass deceiver."-Ex.

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat
And pensively turned to mutter,
"I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute,"
And the animal turned to butt her.—Ex.

Blanchard (to waiter) Do you serve lobsters here?
Waiter—Oh yes, sir; we serve any one. Sit right down.
Ex.

If college bred is a four-years' loaf, (The Smart Set say it's so)
Oh, tell me where the flour is found
For us who knead the dough.—Ex.

He sent his boy to college,
And now he sighs, alack!
He spent a thousand dollars
And he got a quarter back.—Ex.

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A WAY THEY HAVE IN ARIZONA.

"It's all rot, I tell you, Tug, pure and unadulterated rot; all these thrilling stories one hears in the East are not worth a continental fish hook; I am sick of the whole business; there is positively nothing doing here yet, and here we must stay until August. Oh, yes, we are roughing it aren't we? Pooh!"

And the tall, lanky youth in the brand new sombrero kicked a big cloud of white dust in the air in order to keep up his spirits. He took it hard, this initiation into the wild and wooly West," much harder, in fact, than his more chunky companion, who trudged along at his heels whist ling the old college march.

"You're right, fast enough—it does seem sort of slow here; why. I expected—say, don't you remember those marvelous tales Bill Rochester told about his experiences during the summer of his freshman year? Now, if we only had his luck before the end of the week we would have our trunks crammed full of skins, horns, antlers and all sorts of—but, hang it, it's probably as you say—probably they are all rot and hot air."

The little chap sank into silence again, and the two great adventurers plowed on through the dusty streets of the village in search of excitement, or at least something to kill time.

Suddenly Tug stopped in the middle of a most artistic opinion of the man who kept the tobacco shop and his very limited supply of smoking materials, to call his companion's attention to a most flaring sign over a nearby door.

Only one dried-up old indian graced the barroom steps, and inside it wasn't crowded. They went in, these two lonely boys, and sank into a couple of greasy chairs in a corner as remote as possible from the kitcken door, a point of interest for some time, due to a great variety of uncertain odors, which it fanned forth upon them with each exit or entry of the barkeeper and the numerous members of his family. The beer was flat, and with a grunt of impatience they lit their pipes and opened the window to air out the place, but slammed it down again when they discovered it opened into the back of a laundry in full steam. Slowly their expressions became sadder and their faces took on a most ridiculous look, as they stared into each others eyes, until, on a sudden, the smaller one choked and finally burst into a flood of rattling laughter. This outbreak brought the other back to earth, and he reached across the table with a grin, realizing that they were both thinking of their city life and its contrast to their present situation. In the midst of this burst of mutual sympathy a pair of rusty looking cattlemen entered.

Ah, ha," whispers Tug, with a grin, "here are the chaps who showed us the stunts this morning. Not much for looks, are they? But may be they can play cards. What say you, Brutus?"

"Let us try them. Here goes, may be we can show the blamed miners a trick of our own."

And Bruce, in his big-hearted way, always so agreeable to everybody, invited the men to join him and his friend in a game of poker. It was not necessary to urge them. They came half way, each with a smile upon his face as he drew up his chair to the table. There followed a strange game, for both parties thought they had a pair of easy marks, but they were all fooled, yet each pair won in turn.

As the game progressed Bruce's boast proved true. He and As the game progressed Westerners quite a few points.

Tug did show these plain Westerners quite a few points. Tug did show these results and shelled However, these two worthies kept in the game and shelled out without a murmur. Once when the cards were being dealt Bruce asked in a sort of sneering way if anything ex. dealt Bruce asked in dealth Bruce asked in Arizona. At this both citing did really ever happen in Arizona. At this both citing did really cowboys looked up with smiles of pity. Then the one who talked the most said he knew a few stories and would tell one the next deal. So when he got a chance the sandy. haired man, whose last shave didn't fit, started a tale. Strange how interested the Easterners became as the thread of the narrative was taken up in the few minutes between each hand. Several times the cards were even left on the table while the story teller rambled on in his extremely blunt way to the climax of his story. It must be confessed the boys were puzzled at the continued stream of money these fellows poured out, and also at the odd story they told. Perhaps to get a good idea of this tale it would be well to quote the author in the latter part. He was just gathering up the cards to deal when Tug recalled the point where he had dropped it.

"Yes, as I was sayin', the conductor of the special, when he found he couldn't get the regular guards from the fort, why, hanged if he didn't come over and ask Tim and I to act as guards on the train and to take care of the division pay trunk. We have to go up to Hunter's Mill on the car and then may be on to Morristown, and he offered us two-fifty apiece. You can guess Tim and I didn't stop long to think on the matter; we just jumped at them figures like they were so many hot pies; and before long we were rambling out of the town and across the prairie. We had a cinch in the car—Tim on the blankets—we always carry them with us—and I on a chair, a-leaning up against the

side of the car. We were both tired, and as we didn't have anything to do but stay in the car and be on hand to protect the trunk in case anything happened, well, we weren't long in going to sleep. I forgot to say the conductor had gone in the caboose and left two of the crew, a couple of coons, in the car with us. They were both a-playing crap on the top of the box the last I remember."

Here the story was interrupted while the cards were taken up again, and at the next hand, while Tug dealt, the tale was continued.

"And the next thing I can remember distinctly, for the first thing I knew something went bang! like a cannon, and I fell over on the floor with somebody on top of me, who began thumping me for fair. The lamp was out and I couldn't see a thing, but I concluded that the rascal that had me would beat the life out of me if I didn't get busy; so I started in, and after a time I got on top. I had been scrapping some, but you ought to have heard the scrap going on in the middle of the car. I guessed it was Tim and the other coon, although I couldn't make out what they had been trying to do. As quick as I could get mine quiet I went and felt around to help Tim, but I couldn't do a thing in the dark, so I lit a match and tried to find a lamp that belonged in the car. Finally I got it lit. Then Tim, he'd won out at last, and I began to look around. And, dog me, if the crazy fools hadn't blown the cover off that box we were there to watch. The money was there, at least we judged so, for there was a whole lot of it, all green bills in little packs. We were worried, and wondered where the conductor and the rest could be. We started to look in the caboose, but fell over him on the platform. He was dead, I guess, anyway he had a big lump on his head, as big as a potato. Lord, maybe we weren't scared! There we were,

all alone on that train, with all the money, and a busting on in the dark, not knowing where we was going. All at once the train began to slow down, then almost stopped. Tim pulled open the front door and he rushed out on the platform. I followed in time to see him grab at something, and then he says, "he's got away, doggone him." "What's doing," says I, but I saw as soon as I got out the door a—" "Oh, that's so, the cards are all out, ain't they? Give me three." And once more the one-sided game was taken up, but the hand was soon played, and at the end Sandy was urged to continue.

"Well, I wondered what Tim was doing, and in a minute I saw. There was the engine goin' down the track and a leaving us behind. Tim said the coon, for this was the doings of some more of these rascals, as soon as we lit the lamp. saw we had whipped his friends so he went and pulled the coupling-pin and snook. The Lord knows where the engineer and fireman had gone, we never saw them at all. Tim and I went back in the car and sat down on the money box. Gee, it made me sick to think of all that money. What would we do, there we were in that car all alone and out in the middle of the prairie. Any way, I guess we were for we hadn't got to Hunter's Mill yet. It was plain if we staid there, the coon who went away on the engine would be back after us with a whole load of soldiers and we wouldn't have no show at all, against his evidence. Cause then it would look like we did the job ourselves, and Tim said that if we skipped it would be just as bad for they would catch us sometime and blame us just the same. course the money wasn't any good to us. Well, we both decided to skip and risk it any way. Tim thought that was the best, and Tim is one of those who never says much but when he does it is the gospel truth. Yes, we were agoing to

leave the whole thing just the way—"Oh go on what are you giving us? Do you mean that you didn't take a cent?" Interrupted Tug with a sneer.

"Well", continued the old chap with a sort of smile, although it had a pitiful look about it, "we didn't have to, in fact didn't have a chance, for just as we were starting, about six fellows bust into the car from both ends and scared us most to death. Of course we tried to scrap but it wasn't no use, they had us all done up in blankets and we like to choked to death.

The thought of that big, huge chap struggling on a blanket brought Tug to tears and Bruce burst into a loud laugh. The cowboys looked at each other just one second and then the big sandy haired man shouted, "Lord, boys, it don't seem so funny to be tied up in a blanket. You can't breathe or see and every once and a while you feel the muzzle of a six-shooter a poking around your face. No, I'll be hanged if it does. Say—we'll just show you how it is. No, it ain't no trouble, we'll be glad to amuse you awhile longer. What Tim?"

And the big man sprang to his feet, seized his blanket and in a second he and his pal had the two boys twisted up so they couldn't move. "Hey there", cried Tug in a muffled roar, "quit your kidding, what the deuce." He suddenly stopped when he realized that the silent chap, now known as Tim, was amusing himself by poking the muzzle of his revolver into the little dent in the blanket where his mouth was. Tim then treated Bruce to the same sensation, calling on Sandy to finish his story and clear up the table.

It didn't take long to finish the story for the boys had now caught on, nor long to clear up the table either. Finally, hearing no more noise the boys concluded their persecutors had gone and began to struggle from the greasy blankets.

However, before they were out, the laundry window opened condy's voice cried out, "Many thank old cha However, before they were out, "Many thank old opened and Sandy's voice cried out, "Many thank old chaps, had an awful pleasant evening. Honest, Hones and Sandy's voice cried out, and Sandy's voice cried out, we're around here once We've had an awim prediction we're around here once and we'll meet you fellows again, we're around here once and we'll meet you fellows again, we're around here once and we'll meet you fellows again, we'll meet you fellows again, awhile. Say don't blame the bar-keeper cause we had him order not to disturb our game. So long and in awhile. Say don't blame awhile. Say don't blame called out in order not to disturb our game. So long and the

CARL H. BUTTMAN '04.

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SCIENCE.



THE COOPER HEWITT LAMP.

For the last few weeks, the interest of local scientists has been centered in a new light of peculiar design which has been exhibited in the windows of several prominent stores. It is known as the Cooper Hewitt Mercury Vapor Lamp, and is the result of many years of exhaustive study and experimenting in the laboratory by that most eminent scientist, Dr. Peter Cooper Hewitt.

The lamp consists essentially of a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted and replaced by liquid mercury and mercuric vapor. At one end the tube swells out into a condensing chamber shaped very much like the bulb of an incandescent light. Into each end is sealed a platinum wire for electrical connection to the outside circuit and both of these wires are connected on the inside with small puddles of mercury forming the anode and cathode of the circuit, Upon starting up the light difficulty was at first experienced in making the current pass through the mercury vapor into the cathode, probably due to the fact that all metals show a tendency when cold, to strongly resist conduction of an electric current coming to it through a vapor. difficulty has been overcome in a unique manner. The whole lamp is pivoted in the middle so that it can be swung freely up and down, thus by simply tipping the tube until a thin stream of mercury runs from one end to the other, metalic contact is obtained and the current flows freely. The tube can then be returned to its original position and 46

the current will continue to flow through the vapor until it

is cut off.

cut off.

Dr. Hewitt's invention breaks all previous records in that Dr. Hewitt's invention of given electrical energy in that it transforms a greater amount of given electrical energy into it transforms a greater and device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light than any other known device, its efficiency being estimated light light light light light than any other light li light than any other known that of an ordinary incandescent ted at about eight times that of an ordinary incandescent ted at about eight times times times times times ted at about eight times t lamp. Further than this development it is a great commercial at this early stage in its development it is a great commercial at this early stage in a wide field of application before it. success with a wide he with a wide he success with a wide he with a wide he with a wide he success with a wide he will be with a will be will be with a will be with a will be will be will present the Cooper Tien, present the Cooper Ti purpose.

The most powerful automobile is 165 horse power, built to run at 80 miles an hour.

The largest photograph ever taken was forty feet long and five feet wide.

Only about 3000 stars can be seen in the heavens on a clear night.

A novelty in the way of marine construction has recently been built for the United States Government to be used in our island possessions. It consists of a portable tug boat composed of five subdivisions capable of being detached from each other and floated separately or stored on board larger ships for transportation.

THE RECORD SPEED.

About twenty years ago, one of the chief attractions at an exposition held in New Orleans was a miniature trolly car, which to the crowds of visitors, who were familiar only with the old horse car, was a wonder. Little did these same people imagine that they should live to see a development of this car, which would travel at the rate of one hundred

and thirty miles an hour, a speed attained by the Siemens Halske car on a trial run in Prussia.

This result is due to the work of a student society, formed for the purpose and authorized by the Emperor, to investigate the subject of high-speed cars. One of the chief reasons for their success is the systematic and thorough way in which they made preparations.

The ordinary railroad track in Germany is built only to stand trains running at a speed of about fifty miles an hour; so it was necessary to build an entirely new track. A strip of level country, between two small towns, Zossen and Marienfelde, fifteen miles apart, was selected for the trial and the construction of the track immediately commenced.

Extra large rails were secured and laid on heavy wood ties, well ballasted in broken stone. This would in itself insure a good road, but another precaution was added by running on the inside of both rails strongly braced flanges, which extended along the whole length of the line. With this finished, they had a level almost straight track, which was solid enough to stand any speed they could hope to obtain.

This car, which is of unusual size, measuring about seventy-five feet in length and weighing ninety tons, is mounted on twelve wheels and is run by four motors. The current, which is of very high voltage, is taken from three wires by two sets of trolleys, three in each set. They are not like the trolleys with which we are acquainted, running in the same line as the car, and making a contact through a roller, but are arranged at right angles to it, and simply scrape along the wire, using not the roller at all. With everything made of the best material, the society was well prepared to make the trial, which resulted in the record speed of one hun dred and thirty and one fourth miles an hour.

The road bed is so smooth, that a passenger paying no

attention to outside surroundings, would not realize that he attention at such a speed, but the minute he looks attention to outside surround but the minute he looks out was travelling at such a speed, but the minute he looks out was travelling at which objects fly by makes them an in the was travelling at such a spect, the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian travelling at such a spect, which is the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian travelling at such a spect, which is the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian travelling at such a spect, which is the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian travelling at such as the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them an indian travelling at such as the rapidity with which objects fly by makes them are indian to the rapidity with the rapid with the rapidity with the rapidity with the rapidity with the the rapidity with which object is, until it is by and the form tinct blur. The senses have tinct blur. The senses have to form tinct blur. of what an object is, until it is by and the conception of what an object is until it is by and the car conception of what an object conception of what are object concep whirls past a moving expression which is a standard expression which is a the train would pass us the tr securely closed in a cago securely closed in object, which might produce often struck and killed; while the run is being made, birds are often struck and killed; while a rain of insects pours against the front glass.

rain of insects pours again of insects pours again of insects pours again travel at a rate of over one his This experiment has a rate of over one hundred proper preparation, travel at a rate of over one hundred proper preparation, determines an hour is safe and practical. There is no doubt that miles an hour is sale and relation between places, which here it will be followed up a value; for transportation between places, which, heretofore, value; for transportation has taken three days can be reduced to one third that time.

Cyanide of Cacodyl a new poison just discovered is so deadly that three drops of it diffused in a room full of peo. ple is enough to kill all present.

A piece of coal during combustion, releases enough energy to lift itself 2000 miles.

The Baltimore fire proved substantially the advantage of underground wires as compared with those overhead. In one case a system of three conductor cables running from the power station of the United Railways and Electric Company through the entire burned district was carrying current at pressure of 13,000 volts to the substations the second day after the fire.



CRACKS



Elson D2, in speaking of religious persecution, tells aweird story of one man who had his ears cut off because he refused to adopt the new religion and when he refused again, the punishment was repeated.

Peabody, E2, so adheres to the rules of etiquette that he requires an introduction from his section teacher to the girls in his own room before even passing them their examination papers.

Burchard, D2, in History—King James, resenting the action of Parliament, came down and blew it up.

Miss Christiansen—Oh no, Mr. Burchard! It was Guy Fawkes who tried to do that.

Mr. W.—I'm going to work my way to Europe this summer by feeding the cattle on board ship.

Miss—That is if you don't get eaten up before arriving.
Mr. W—(in his most dignified tone.) I don't think I'm
that green.

Mr. B-g-s, E2, (after having seen the merchant of Venice.) Jessica was a peach. I could have turned Jew for her,

Mr. Alfred Hankes, E2, (Thinker.) The only one of his kind out of captivity.

Resolved—That the chipping and filing block is a detriment to school. It teaches young men to swear.

A girl student tells us that when she was little, she pic-A girl student to be an imaginary lion running around tured the equator to be an imaginary lion running around the earth. She was always puzzled as to whether the lion didn't ever get hungry or tired.

While B3 was working studiously in mechanical drawing, a heavy sound suddenly broke the silence. As soon as the excitement had passed away, it was discovered that Hough had only dropped a perpendicular.

C2's lone champion of woman's ability deserves encouragement.

Pupil—I would make a good teacher if I were a little

larger, for I would then be more imposing.

Teacher—You would be an imposition any way.

The A4 Mathematics Class had long revived from the effects of the explanation of an unruly formula, and were deeply engrossed in another phase of that science, when Major Hall raised his hand and shook it vigorously for five minutes or more. At last it was noticed by the teacher and answered. His fellow-classmates held their breaths and waited patiently for that which he had to impart. He joyously replied, "I see thro' that formula now,"

"Alas, poor Johnny."

A Company K Sergeant said, "Can you not mark time without moving your legs?"

Some one said that McCormick of FI would make a pretty good size thumb tack.

Mr. Gerry-Marean, what do you know about poetic license.

Marean—A poets license allows a man to write a love story before he has ever been in love.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Scene I.

Arrival of Johnny's sword.

Scene II.

Arrival of Johnny at the photographers.

Will somebody please give Pipes A3 some information about Infurmatory. (Purgatory.)

Fenderson, B3, informs us that Petrasch was interested in the education of the colored race. "Jim Crow" entered an emphatic denial.

Mrs. Wiggs has been detained at home of late to pick the cabbages from the patch on father's pants.

Jim Crane, the B3 historian, makes the remark that the condition of the German peasants was very worse. How could it was.

Mr. Hall—What is a prism?
Girl Student—A three shaped object.

Mr. Maney (with a sigh)—O: dear. Miss G—g, Sir.

It is not at all necessary to go to France to see gay Par(r)is.

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3122 N N. W., Washington, D. C., Sept. 16, 1903.

STUDENTS' AID DEPARTMENT.

Dear Sirs:—Some time ago, after graduating in your school of Engineering, I requested you to assist me in securing a position with Mr. M. L. Byers, of the B. &. O. R. R. He gave me a personal examination, examined your books, and, after careful consideration, advised me that I was fully equipped for a position in the Engineering Department. I secured a transfer May 31, starting as rodman, and July 31 was promoted to transitman. I find with my personal experience, and the education and training I have received from your schools, that I am able to cope with college graduates, and handle the work O. K. Thanking you for your assistance, I am,

Yours very truly, W. J. WIDE.
Engineer in charge of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Freight
Tunnel work, First street and Florida Avenue, N. E.

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